

Melodies  
and  
Madrigals

The book cover features a dark brown background with intricate gold-tooled decorations. A large, ornate monogram 'M' is positioned in the center, surrounded by a circular border. The title 'Melodies and Madrigals' is written in a decorative font to the right of the monogram. The cover is framed by a double border of gold-tooled patterns, including floral motifs and geometric shapes. Vertical panels on the sides also contain gold-tooled designs.











The title page features a central floral arrangement with white flowers, green leaves, and small red star-like buds. Two large, ornate red hats with green feather-like patterns are positioned on either side of the arrangement. The background is a light beige color with a decorative border.

# ELODIES and ADRIGALS

Bunce & Huntington New York



# M<sup>L</sup>ELODIES AND M<sup>L</sup>ADRIGALS;

MOSTLY

FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

EDITED BY

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

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"Melodious birds sing madrigals."

*Marlowe*

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## *P R E F A C E.*

---

THE object which I had in view while collecting the materials of this volume was, to present the English Poets in their most poetical moods; not as the makers of long, sustained poems, which most of them are not, but as the singers of short, sweet, unpremeditated lyrics. I use the word Lyric rather than Song, because it best describes the selections which follow, and because I take it to be a purer, as it certainly was an earlier, manifestation of the element which underlies the Song. Songs, as we understand them, are of comparatively recent growth. There are no songs, modernly speaking, in SHAKESPEARE and the Elizabethan dramatists, but lyrics in abundance. The difference between these lyrics and our songs is manifest: the one being a simple, unstudied expression of thought, sentiment, or passion; the other its expression according to the mode of the day. The lyrist sang to a tune within him:

(“ Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ! ”)

The song-writer composes with a strict regard to conventional rhythms and metres, counting his verses on his fingers, and remembering the lessons of his music-teacher. The thought, the sentiment of the former depends upon the whim of the moment ; that of the latter, upon the *thesis* which he intends to prove. Reason predominates in the one, Imagination in the other.

The early periods of English Poetry are rich in the Lyrical-element—almost as rich as in the Dramatic, with which it frequently flourished—springing from its excessive vitality, like the myriad wild-flowers which light up the depths of tangled woods. “The little lyrics,” says BARRY CORNWALL, “which are scattered, like stars, over the surface of our old dramas, are sometimes minute, trifling, and undefined in their object ; but they are often eminently fine ; in fact, the finest things of the kind which our language possesses. There is more inspiration, more air and lyrical quality about them, than in songs of ten times their pretension. And this, perhaps, arises from the dramatic faculty of the writers ; who, being accustomed, in other things, to shape their verse so as to suit the characters and different purposes of the drama, naturally extend this care to the fashion of the songs themselves. In cases where a writer speaks in his own person, he expends all his egotism upon his lyrics ; and requires that a critic should be near to curtail his misdeeds. When he writes

as a dramatist, he is, or ought to be, the critic himself. He is not, so to speak, at all implicated in what is going forward in the poem ; but deals out the dialogue like an indifferent bystander, seeking only to adjust it to the necessities of the actors. He is above the struggle and turmoil of the battle below, and

‘Sees, as from a tower, the end of all.’

It is, in fact, this power of forgetting himself, and of imagining and fashioning characters different from his own, which constitutes the dramatic quality. A man who can set aside his own idiosyncrasy, is half a dramatist.”

The lyrics of what we rather loosely call the Elizabethan Poets,—a classification which frequently embraces their successors in the reign of James the First,—are, it seems to me, the finest specimens of poetry, “pure and simple,” in the whole range of English Literature. Their chief characteristic is naturalness,—real or apparent, it is not easy, in all cases, to decide which. What we call Art (which is often but another name for artifice), appears never to have crossed the minds of their singers, at least while they were singing; to listen to them is like listening to the song of the lark.

The poets of Charles the First’s time—accomplished, courtly gentlemen that they were—delighted in the Lyric, which, however, had begun to lose its early simplicity : it

was graceful, it was elegant, but it was studied, mannered, affected.

“The hour

Of glory in the grass, of freshness in the flower,”

had passed away. What it was in the reign of Charles the Second, and later, the reader may see for himself, in the specimens of that period which I have given, and which are the best that I could find, indifferent as, I fear, many of them are.

The Eighteenth Century was almost destitute of Lyrics, though it abounded in what were by courtesy called Songs, most of which appear to have been composed by that celebrated Myth, “A Person of Quality,” and his, or her, immediate connections—

“The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.”

Peace to their ashes! I could not find it in my heart to disturb them, entombed as they are in the ponderous collections of JOHNSON, ANDERSON, and CHALMERS. Barren as the last century was in poetry of a high order, its close witnessed the revival of the Lyrical-element, which may be traced, I think, to two causes,—the publication of Bishop PERCY’s *“Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,”* and the songs of BURNS—a born poet, if there ever was one, who ruled as supremely over his “scanty plot of ground” as SHAKESPEARE over his Universe.

What the lyrics of the present time are, the reader may be supposed to know. They will not compare with those of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, but they are genuine, as far as they go. The best of them, to my thinking, are BARRY CORNWALL's—a venerable name, which must soon pass from amongst us.

The arrangement adopted here is that which should always obtain in works of this nature, viz., the chronological one. The lyrics of each poet are placed in the order in which they were written, so far as I could ascertain it, and the whole in strict succession of time. Where several are taken from one poet, as in the case of SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER, the date of the earliest determines his place in the century. SHAKESPEARE, for instance, is placed in the year 1592, the date assigned by DYCE to "*Love's Labour's Lost*"; and FLETCHER in 1610, the date of the publication of his "*Faithful Shepherdess*." Where an author's works were not published until after his death, the lyric, or lyrics, selected therefrom, are, of course, placed before his death. In such cases one can only approximate to correct chronology: certainty is impossible. The student of English Poetry will detect, in most cases, the reasons which have influenced me in assigning the conjectural dates. Had I made the collection for him alone, I would have added annotations of all sorts, which, by-the-way, I could hardly restrain myself from

doing. But, working for the general reader, who seldom cares for the laborious trifles of the scholar, however curious they may be, I have let the poets speak for themselves, without note or comment from me. The text is as pure as I could make it. I dare not flatter myself, however, that it is absolutely pure, so much have the old poets been tampered with by those who have edited them, and those who have quoted from them. In the matter of spelling, punctuation, etc., I have conformed to the usage of to-day, not being able to see the sacredness of the old style of typography,—the phonographic spelling of the author, the whims of his printers, and the blunders of the press generally.

R. H. S.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1865.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>An Earnest Suit</i> .....	SIR THOMAS WYATT 1
<i>A Praise of his Love</i> .....	HENRY HOWARD ( <i>Earl of Surrey</i> ) 2
<i>A Sonnet</i> .....	JOHN HARINGTON 4
<i>A Ditty</i> .....	SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 5
<i>Of his Cynthia</i> .....	FULKE GREVILLE ( <i>Lord Brooke</i> ) 5
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN LYLY 7
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN LYLY 7
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN LYLY 8
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	MUSICA TRANSLAPINA 9
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	MUSICA TRANSLAPINA 9
<i>The Herdsman's Happy Life</i> .....	BYRD'S SONGS 10
<i>Rosalind's Madrigal</i> .....	THOMAS LODGE 11
<i>The Silent Lover</i> .....	SIR WALTER RALEIGH 13
<i>Phillida and Corydon</i> .....	NICHOLAS BRETON 15
<i>A Pastoral of Phillis and Corydon</i> .....	NICHOLAS BRETON 16
<i>Song</i> .....	GEORGE PEEL 17
<i>The Passionate Shepherd to his Love</i> .....	CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE 17
<i>A Dirge</i> .....	THOMAS NASH 19
<i>Song</i> .....	THOMAS NASH 21
<i>Philomela's Ode</i> .....	ROBERT GRIEVE 21
“On a day, (alack the day !) ”.....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 23
“Over hill, over dale”.....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 23
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 24
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 25

	PAGE
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 25
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 26
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 27
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 28
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 28
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 29
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 29
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 29
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 30
<i>Song</i> .....	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 30
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN DONNE 31
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WILBYE'S MADRIGALS 33
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WILBYE'S MADRIGALS 33
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WILBYE'S MADRIGALS 34
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WILBYE'S MADRIGALS 34
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WILBYE'S MADRIGALS 35
<i>Spring-Song</i> .....	WHEELKE'S BALLADS 35
<i>An Ode</i> .....	RICHARD BARNEFIELD 36
<i>Song</i> .....	THOMAS DEKKER 38
<i>To the Spring</i> .....	S.R JOHN DAVIES 39
<i>The Coy Maiden's Consent</i> .....	FARMER'S ENGLISH MADRIGALS 40
<i>The Flight of Phillis</i> .....	FARMER'S ENGLISH MADRIGALS 40
<i>Damelus' Song</i> .....	HENRY CONSTABLE 41
<i>The Nymphs, meeting, etc.</i> .....	THOMAS WATSON 42
<i>False Dorus</i> .....	MORLEY'S MADRIGALS 43
<i>Invocation to Night</i> .....	DOWLAND'S BOOK OF SONGS 43
<i>To Cynthia</i> .....	DOWLAND'S BOOK OF SONGS 44
<i>His Lady's Grief</i> .....	DOWLAND'S BOOK OF SONGS 45
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WHEELKE'S MADRIGALS 46
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WHEELKE'S MADRIGALS 47
<i>Of Corinna's Singing</i> .....	THOMAS CAMPION 47
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	THOMAS CAMPION 48
<i>A Song</i> .....	DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY 49

	PAGE
<i>Ode</i> .....	DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY 50
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY 51
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WEELKES'S MADRIGALS 51
<i>There is a Garden</i> .....	ALLISON'S HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSIC 52
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR ROBERT AYTON 53
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	BATESON'S MADRIGALS 54
<i>Song</i> .....	THOMAS HEYWOOD 54
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WEELKES'S AIRS 55
<i>Song</i> .....	BEN JONSON 56
<i>To Celia</i> .....	BEN JONSON 56
<i>To Celia</i> .....	BEN JONSON 57
<i>The Triumph of Charis</i> .....	BEN JONSON 53
<i>The Wooing Song of Panglory</i> .....	OILES FLETCHER 59
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN FLETCHER 61
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN FLETCHER 61
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN FLETCHER 62
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN FLETCHER 63
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN FLETCHER 63
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN FLETCHER 64
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	PILKINGTON'S MADRIGALS 65
“Shall I, wasling in despair?”.....	GEORGE WITHER 65
“Call for the robin redbreast and the wren”.....	JOHN WEBSTER 67
“Hark, now every thing is still”.....	JOHN WEBSTER 67
“All the flowers of the Spring”.....	JOHN Webster 68
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WARD'S MADRIGALS 69
<i>The Character of a Happy Life</i> .....	SIR HENRY WOTTON 69
<i>On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia</i> .....	SIR HENRY WOTTON 70
<i>The Indifferent</i> .....	FRANCIS BEAUMONT 71
<i>Madrigal</i> .....	WILLIAM DRUMMOND 72
<i>A Kiss</i> .....	WILLIAM DRUMMOND 73
<i>Desired Death</i> .....	WILLIAM DRUMMOND 73
<i>To Sleep</i> .....	WILLIAM DRUMMOND 74

	PAGE
“Shall I tell you whom I love?” .....	WILLIAM BROWNE 74
Song.....	WILLIAM BROWNE 75
Song .....	SAMUEL DANIEL 76
Song.....	SAMUEL DANIEL 77
Song.....	NATHANIEL FIELD 78
<i>The Crier.</i> .....	MICHAEL DRAYTON 78
Song.....	WILLIAM HERBERT ( <i>Earl of Pembroke</i> ) 79
Song.....	LEONARD DIGGES 80
Song.....	MARKHAM AND SAMPSON 81
Song.....	THOMAS GOFFE 82
Song.....	ROBERT GOMERSALL 82
<i>A Song, for the Music Lecture</i> .....	ROBERT GOMERSALL 83
Song.....	THOMAS RANDOLPH 84
Song.....	PHILIP MASSINGER 85
<i>Virtue</i> .....	GEORGE HERBERT 85
<i>Disdain Returned</i> .....	THOMAS CAREW 86
Song.....	THOMAS CAREW 87
Song.....	THOMAS CAREW 88
Song.....	JOHN FORD 88
<i>Dirge</i> .....	JOHN FORD 89
Song.....	SAMUEL ROWLEY 90
<i>To Roses in the Bosom of Caſtara</i> .....	WILLIAM HABINGTON 90
<i>Upon Caſtara’s Departure</i> .....	WILLIAM HABINGTON 91
Song .....	JOHN MILTON 92
Song .....	JOHN MILTON 93
Song .....	HENRY KILLIGREW 94
Song .....	SIR JOHN SUCKLING 95
Song .....	SIR JOHN SUCKLING 96
<i>Of a Miſtress</i> .....	THOMAS NABbes 97
Song.....	HENRY GLAPTHORNE 97
<i>Out of the Italian</i> .....	RICHARD CRASHAW 98
<i>Dirge</i> .....	SICILY AND NAPLES : A TRAGEDY 100

	PAGE
<i>To Cynthia</i> .....	SIR FRANCIS KINASTON 101
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR JOHN DENHAM 103
<i>To Althea. From Prison</i> .....	RICHARD LOVELACE 103
<i>Song</i> .....	RICHARD LOVELACE 105
<i>A Valediction</i> .....	WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT 105
<i>On a Girdle</i> .....	EDMUND WALLER 106
<i>Go, Lovely Rose</i> .....	EDMUND WALLER 107
<i>The Passing-Bell</i> .....	JAMES SHIRLEY 108
<i>Song</i> .....	JAMES SHIRLEY 108
<i>Song.—Celia in Love</i> .....	MARTIN LLUELLIN 109
<i>Honour</i> .....	ABRAHAM COWLEY 110
<i>Cherry-ripe</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 111
<i>To Meadows</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 112
<i>To Primroses filled with Morning Dew</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 113
<i>To Daffodils</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 114
<i>To Blossoms</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 115
<i>To Virgins, to make much of Time</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 116
<i>The Night-piece, to Julia</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 117
<i>To the Western Wind</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 118
<i>To the Water-Nymphs</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 118
<i>To Electra</i> .....	ROBERT HERRICK 119
<i>Song</i> .....	THOMAS MAY 119
<i>The Retreat</i> .....	HENRY VAUGHAN 120
<i>The Shower</i> .....	HENRY VAUGHAN 121
<i>Song</i> .....	ROBERT COX 121
<i>The Exequies</i> .....	THOMAS STANLEY 123
<i>Love Once, Love Ever</i> .....	SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE 124
<i>Song</i> .....	ROBERT BARON 125
<i>The Angler's Wife</i> .....	IZAAK WALTON 125
<i>Amintor's Well-a-Day</i> .....	H. HUGHES 127
<i>To Amanda, leaving him alone.</i> .....	N. HOOKES 128
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR RICHARD FANSHAW 129

	PAGE
<i>Song</i> .....	RICHARD FLECKNOE 130
<i>On Chloris walking in the Snow</i> .....	WIT'S RECREATIONS 130
<i>Song</i> .....	HENRY KING ( <i>Bishop of Chichester</i> ) 131
<i>Fairy Song</i> .....	MYSTERIES OF LOVE AND ELOQUENCE 132
<i>Song</i> .....	THOMAS FORD 134
<i>To the Inconstant Cynthia</i> .....	SIR ROBERT HOWARD 135
<i>Song</i> .....	PHILONAX LOVEKIN 136
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE 136
<i>The Resolve</i> .....	ALEXANDER BROME 137
<i>On Claret</i> .....	ALEXANDER BROME 138
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT 139
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT 140
<i>To Chloris</i> .....	CHARLES COTTON 141
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR CHARLES SEDLEY 142
<i>Song</i> .....	S R CHARLES SEDLEY 143
<i>Out of Lycophron</i> .....	SIR CHARLES SEDLEY 143
<i>Song</i> .....	THE ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS 144
<i>Love's Bravo</i> .....	THOMAS FLATMAN 145
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR FRANCIS FANE 146
<i>Uncertain Love</i> .....	THOMAS DUFFETT 146
<i>The Mower to the Glow-worms</i> .....	ANDREW MARVELL 147
<i>Love and Life</i> .....	JOHN WILMOT ( <i>Earl of Rochester</i> ) 148
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN SHEFFIELD ( <i>Duke of Buckingham</i> ) 149
<i>Song</i> .....	ROBERT GOULD 149
<i>An Incantation</i> .....	JOHN DRYDEN 150
<i>Ode on Solitude</i> .....	ALEXANDER POPE 151
<i>Song</i> .....	MATHEW PRIOR 152
<i>Dirge in Cymbeline</i> .....	WILLIAM COLLINS 153
<i>A Bacchanalian</i> .....	THOMAS CHATTERTON 154
<i>A Red, Red Rose</i> .....	ROBERT BURNS 154
<i>Song</i> .....	SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE 155
<i>Choral Song</i> .....	SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE 156

<i>Song</i> .....	THOMAS MOORE 156
“ <i>O Nightingale! thou surely art</i> ” .....	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH 157
<i>To the Lady Anne Hamilton</i> .....HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER 158	
<i>Song</i> .....	SIR WALTER SCOTT 159
“ <i>Wasted, weary, wherefore stay</i> ” .. ....	SIR WALTER SCOTT 159
<i>She Walks in Beauty</i> .. .	LORD BYRON 160
<i>Song</i> .....	JOHN KEATS 161
<i>A Fragment</i> .....	JOHN KEATS 162
<i>Song</i> .....	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY 163
<i>Love's Philosophy</i> .....	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY 163
<i>Song</i> .....	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY 164
<i>Song to May</i> .....	LORD THURLOW 166
<i>Song to the Evening Star</i> .....	THOMAS CAMPBELL 167
<i>Song</i> .....	THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES 168
<i>Dirge</i> .....	THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES 169
<i>A Song</i> .....	THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES 170
<i>Ballad</i> .....	THOMAS HOOD 171
<i>Ballad</i> .....	THOMAS HOOD 172
<i>Nephon's Song</i> .....	GEORGE DARLEY 172
<i>A Serenade</i> .....	GEORGE DARLEY 174
“ <i>Sweet in her green dell the flower</i> ,” etc. ....	GEORGE DARLEY 175
<i>The Cavalier's Song</i> .....	WILLIAM MOTHERWELL 176
<i>Song</i> .....	HARTLEY COLERIDGE 177
<i>Song</i> .....	HENRY TAYLOR 177
<i>The Blackbird</i> .....	JAMES MONTGOMERY 178
<i>A Phantasy</i> .....	BRYAN WALLER PROCTER 179
<i>The Farewell of the Soldier</i> .....	BRYAN WALLER PROCTER 180
<i>A Bridal Dirge</i> .....	BRYAN WALLER PROCTER 181
<i>A Bacchanalian Song</i> .....	BRYAN WALLER PROCTER 182
<i>Song</i> .....	ROBERT BROWNING 183
<i>Song</i> .....	ROBERT BROWNING 184
<i>Song</i> .....	ROBERT BROWNING 184

<i>The Loft Mistress</i> .....	ROBERT BROWNING	185
<i>Rondeau</i> .....	LEIGH HUNT	185
<i>Cupid Swallowed</i> .....	LEIGH HUNT	186
<i>Song</i> .....	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR	186
<i>Song</i> .....	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR	187
<i>Song</i> .....	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR	187
<i>Song</i> .....	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR	188
<i>The Age of Wisdom</i> .....	WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY	189
<i>Song</i> .....	CHARLES KINGSLEY	190
<i>Song</i> .....	CHARLES KINGSLEY	191
“Thy voice is heard,” etc. ....	ALFRED TENNYSON	191
“As through the land at eve we went”.....	ALFRED TENNYSON	192
“Sweet and low, sweet and low”.....	ALFRED TENNYSON	192
“Come not when I am dead”.....	ALFRED TENNYSON	193
<i>The Sentences</i> .....	COVENTRY PATMORE	193
<i>The Revelation</i> .....	COVENTRY PATMORE	194

TO

*EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN,*

POET, SCHOLAR, GENTLEMAN,

WITH THE LOVE OF HIS FRIEND

R. H. S.

"The courts of kings hear no such strains  
As daily lull the rustic swains."

*England's Helicon.*

"I would rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs  
and sonnets here."

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

"Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age."

*Twelfth Night.*

"They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think  
much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this  
critical age."

*Izaak Walton.*

## M E L O D I E S   A N D   M A D R I G A L S .

---

### *A N   E A R N E S T   S U I T*

*T O   H I S   U N K I N D   M I S T R E S S   N O T   T O   F O R S A K E   H I M .*

[1533?]

I.

*A N D   w i l t   t h o u   l e a v e   m e   t h u s ?  
S a y   n a y ,   s a y   n a y ,   f o r   j b a m e !  
T o   s a v e   t h e e   f r o m   t h e   b l a m e  
O f   a l l   m y   g r i e f   a n d   g r a m e .  
A n d   w i l t   t h o u   l e a v e   m e   t h u s ?  
S a y   n a y ,   s a y   n a y !*

II.

*A n d   w i l t   t h o u   l e a v e   m e   t h u s ?  
T h a t   h a t h   l o v e d   t h e e   s o   l o n g ,  
I n   w e a l t h   a n d   w o e   a m o n g ?  
A n d   i s   t h y   h e a r t   s o   s t r o n g  
A s   f o r   t o   l e a v e   m e   t h u s ?  
S a y   n a y ,   s a y   n a y !*

III.

*And wilt thou leave me thus?  
That hath given thee my heart,  
Never for to depart;  
Neither for pain nor smart:  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay, say nay!*

IV.

*And wilt thou leave me thus?  
And have no more pity  
Of him that loveth thee?  
Alas, thy cruelty!  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay, say nay!*

SIR THOMAS WYATT.



*A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,*

*WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR  
LADIES WITH HIS.*

[1535?]

I.

*GIVE place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boayts and brags in vain;  
My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
Than doth the sun the candle light,  
Or brightest day the darkeſt night.*

II.

*And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair;  
For what she saith, ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealed were:  
And virtues hath she many mo  
Than I with pen have skill to show.*

III.

*I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mould  
The like to whom she could not paint:  
With wringing hands, how she did cry,  
And what she said, I know it, aye.*

IV.

*I know she stwore with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her heart,  
And this was chiefly all her pain:  
“She could not make the like again.”*

V.

*Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,  
To be the chiefest work she wrought:  
In faith, methink, some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.*

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

A SONNET.

MADF ON ISABELLA MARKHAM, WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT HER FAIR, AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOW IN GOOD-Y ATTIRE, AND TALKED TO DIVERS IN THE COURT-YARD.

[1564.]

I.

*WHENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose!*  
*'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose:*  
*From lips that spoil the ruby's praise;*  
*From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.*  
*Whence comes my woe as freely o'ren;*  
*Ah, me! 'twas from a heart like stone.*

II.

*The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,*  
*The lips befitting words most kind;*  
*The eye does tempt to love's desire,*  
*And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire:*  
*Yet all so fair but speak my moan,*  
*Sith naught doth say the heart of stone.*

III.

*Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak*  
*Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek,*  
*Yet not a heart to save my pain?*  
*O Venus, take thy gifts again!*  
*Make not so fair to cause our moan,*  
*Or make a heart that's like our own.*

JOHN HARINGTON.

*A DITTY.*

[1580?]

I. \*

*Mr true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one for another given;  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;  
There never was a better bargain driven.  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.*

II.

*His heart in me keeps him and me in one;  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;  
I cherish his, because in me it bides.  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.*

\* SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



*OF HIS CYNTHIA.*

[1580?]

I.

*AWAY with these self-loving lads,  
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads;  
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep,  
In love of them that lie and sleep:  
For Cupid is a merry god,  
And forceth none to kiss the rod.*

II.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like destiny,  
Do causeless good or ill decree:  
Desert is borne out of his bow,  
Reward upon his wing doth go.

What fools are they that have not known  
That love likes no laws but his own!

III.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,  
I wear her rings on holy-days;  
On every tree I write her name,  
And every day I read the same.

Where Honour Cupid's rival is,  
There miracles are seen of his.

IV.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,  
I blot her name out of the tree.  
If doubt do darken things held dear,  
Then well-fare nothing once a year.  
For many run, but one must win,  
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

V.

The worth that worthiness should move,  
Is love, which is the due of love;  
And love as well the shepherd can,  
As can the mighty nobleman.

Sweet nymph, 'tis true, you worthy be,  
Yet without love, naught worth to me.

FULKE GREVILLE, Lord Brooke.

S O N G.

[1584.]

*CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)  
With these the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes;  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?*

JOHN LYLY.

S O N G.

[1584.]

*WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
O 'tis the ravished nightingale.  
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, terue," she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise.  
Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?  
None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,  
The morn not wakening till she sings.*

*Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat  
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note;  
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing,  
Cuckoo, to welcome in the Spring!  
Cuckoo, to welcome in the Spring!*

JOHN LYLY.

---

S O N G.

[1592.]

*PAN's Syrinx was a girl indeed,  
Though now she's turned into a reed;  
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,  
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;  
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can  
So chant it as the pipe of Pan.  
Croff-gartered swains and dairy girls,  
With faces smug and round as pearls,  
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,  
With dancing wear out night and day;  
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,  
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy.  
His minstrelsy, O base! This quill,  
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,  
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,  
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.*

JOHN LYLY. 8

MADRIGAL.

[1588.]

SLEEP, sleep, mine only jewel,  
Much more thou dost delight me,  
Than my beloved, too cruel,  
That hid her face to spite me.

Thou bring'st her home full nigh me,  
While she so fast did fly me.

By thy means I behold those eyes so shining,  
Long time absented, that now look appeased;  
Thus is my grief declining:  
Thou in my dreams dost make desire well pleased.  
Sleep, if thou be like death, as thou art feigned,  
A happy life by such a death were gained.

MUSICA TRANSALPINA.

MADRIGAL.

[1588.]

LIKE as from heaven the dew full softly showering,  
Doth fill and so refresh both fields and closes,  
Filling the parched flowers with sap and savour;  
So while she bathed the violets and roses,  
Upon her lovely cheeks so freshly showering,  
The Spring renewed his force with her sweet favour.

MUSICA TRANSALPINA.

THE HERDSMAN'S HAPPY LIFE.

[1588.]

*WHAT pleasure have great princes,  
More dainty to their choice,  
Then herdsmen wild, who, careless,  
In quiet life rejoice,  
And fortune's fate not fearing,  
Sing sweet in summer morning?*

*Their dealings, plain and rightful,  
Are void of all deceit;  
They never know how spiteful  
It is to kneel and wait,  
On fa-vourite presumptuous,  
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.*

*All day their flocks each tendeth,  
At night they take their rest,  
More quiet than who sendeth  
His ship into the East,  
Where gold and pearl are plenty,  
But getting very dainty.*

*For lawyers and their pleading  
They seem it not a straw;  
They think that honest meaning  
Is of itself a law;  
Where conscience judgeth plainly,  
They spend no money vainly*

*O happy who thus liveth!  
Not caring much for gold;  
With clothing which sufficeth  
To keep him from the cold:  
Though poor and plain his diet,  
Yet merry it is, and quiet.*

BYRD'S SONGS.

◆ ◆ ◆  
*R OSALIND'S MADRIGAL.*

[1590.]

I.

*LOVE in my bosom like a bee  
Doth suck his sweet;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast;  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah, wanton, will ye?*

II.

*And if I sleep, then percheth he  
With pretty flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee,  
The live-long night.*

*Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;  
He music plays if I do sing;  
He lends me every lovely thing:  
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.  
Whist, wanton, still ye!*

III.

*Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence;  
And bind you when you long to play,  
For your offence.  
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
I'll count your power not worth a pin;  
Alas, what hereby shall I win,  
If he gainsay me?*

IV.

*What if I beat the wanton boy,  
With many a rod?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be:  
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.  
O Cupid! so thou pity me,  
Spare not, but play thee!*

THOMAS LODGE.

*THE SILENT LOVER.*

[1590?]

I.

*PASSIONS* are likened best to floods and streams;  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:  
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.  
They that are rich in words, in words discover  
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

II.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,  
The merit of true passion,  
With thinking that he feels no smart,  
That sues for no compassion:

III.

Since, if my plaints serve not to approve  
The conquest of thy beauty,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But from excess of duty:

IV.

For, knowing that I sue to serve  
A saint of such perfection,  
As all desire, but none deserve,  
A place in her affection,

V.

*I rather choose to want relief,  
Than venture the revealing;  
Where glory recommends the grief,  
Despair distrusts the healing.*

VI.

*Thus those desires that aim too high  
For any mortal lover,  
When reason cannot make them die,  
Discretion doth them cover.*

VII.

*Yet, when discretion doth bereave  
The plaints that they should utter,  
Then thy discretion may perceive  
That silence is a suitor*

VIII.

*Silence in love bewrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty;  
The beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity!*

IX.

*Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,  
My true, though secret passion;  
He smarteth most that hides his smart,  
And sues for no compassion.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

[1591.]

*In the merry month of May,  
In a morn by break of day,  
With a troop of damsels playing,  
Forth I yode forsooth a maying.  
When anon by a woodside,  
Where that May was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillida and Corydon.  
Much ado there was, God wot,  
He would love, and she<sup>w</sup> would not;  
She said, never man was true;  
He says, none was false to you.  
He said, he had loved her long;  
She says, love shd have no wrong.  
Corydon would kiss her then;  
She says, maids must kiss no men,  
Till they do for good and all:  
When she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth,  
Never loved a truer youth.  
Then with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use,  
When they will not love abuse,  
Love, that had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded;  
And Phillida, with garlands gay,  
Was made the Lady of the May.*

NICHOLAS BRETON.

A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORYDON.

[1600.]

ON a hill there grows a flower,  
Fair befall the dainty sweet:  
By that flower there is a bower  
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,  
Fringed all about with gold,  
Where doth sit the fairest fair  
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,  
She that is the shepherd's joy:  
She that Venus did despite,  
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,  
That the world desires to see:  
This is ipsa quæ, the which  
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?  
Who would not this saint adore?  
Who would not this sight desire,  
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes! yet let me see  
One good look, and I am gone.  
Look on me, for I am he,  
Thy poor silly Corydon.

*Thou that art the shepherd's queen,  
Look upon thy silly swain;  
By thy comfort have been seen  
Dead men brought to life again.*

NICHOLAS BRETON.

S O N G.

[1591?]

*WHAT thing is love? for sure love is a thing;  
Love is a prick, love is a sting,  
Love is a pretty, pretty thing,  
Love is a fire, love is a coal,  
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;  
And, as myself can best devise,  
His dwelling is in ladies' eyes,  
From whence he shoots his dainty darts  
Into the lusty gallants' hearts:  
And ever since was called a god  
That Mars and Venus played even and odd.*

GEORGE PEEL.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

[1591?]

1.

*COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods, or sleepy mountains yields.*

II.

*And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melo-dious birds sing madrigals.*

III.

*And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.*

IV.

*A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.*

V.

*A belt of firaw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs.  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.*

VI.

*The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

*A D I R G E.*

[1592.]

I.

*ADIEU; farewell earth's bliss,  
This world uncertain is:  
Fond are life's lustful joys,  
Death proves them all but toys.  
None from his darts can fly:  
I am sick, I must die.*

*Lord, have mercy on us!*

II.

*Rich men, trust not in wealth;  
Gold cannot buy you health;  
Physic himself must fade;  
All things to end are made;  
The plague full swift goes by:  
I am sick, I must die.*

*Lord, have mercy on us!*

III.

*Beauty is but a flower,  
Which wrinkles will devour:  
Brightness falls from the air;  
Queens have died young and fair:  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:  
I am sick, I must die.*

*Lord, have mercy on us!*

IV.

*Strength stoops unto the grave ;  
Worms feed on Hector brave.  
Swords may not fight with fate :  
Earth still holds ope her gate.  
Come, come, the hells do cry ;  
I am sick, I must die.*

*Lord, have mercy on us !*

V.

*Wit with his wantonness  
Taileth death's bitterness.  
Hell's executioner  
Hath no ears for to hear  
What vain art can reply ;  
I am sick, I must die.*

*Lord, have mercy on us !*

VI.

*Haste therefore each degree  
To welcome destiny :  
Heaven is our heritage,  
Earth but a player's stage.  
Mount we unto the sky ;  
I am sick, I must die.*

*Lord, have mercy on us !*

THOMAS NASH.

*S O N G.*

[1592.]

*SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King;*  
*Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;*  
*Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,*  
*Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.*

*The palm and May make country houses gay,*  
*Lambs brisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,*  
*And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,*  
*Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.*

*The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,*  
*Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning fit,*  
*In every street these tunes our ears do greet,*  
*Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.*

*Spring, the sweet Spring.*

THOMAS NASH.



*PHILOMELA'S ODE*

*THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOUR.*

[1592.]

*SITTING by a river's side,*  
*Where a silent stream did glide,*  
*Muse I did of many things,*  
*That the mind in quiet brings.*  
*I gan think how some men deem*  
*Gold their god; and some esteem*

Honour is the chief content  
That to man in life is lent.  
And some others do contend,  
Quiet none, like to a friend.  
Others hold, there is no wealth  
Compared to a perfect health.  
Some man's mind in quiet flands,  
When he is lord of many lands:  
But I did sigh, and said all this  
Was but a shadē of perfect bliss;  
And in my thoughts I did approve,  
Naught so sweet as is true love.  
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,  
When mouth kiseth, and heart 'grees,  
With folded arms and lips meeting,  
Each soul another sweetly greeting;  
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,  
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.  
If love be so sweet a thing,  
That such happy bliss doth bring,  
Happy is love's sugared thrall,  
But unhappy maidens all,  
Who esteem your virgin blisses  
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisſes.  
No such quiet to the mind,  
As true love with kisſes kind:  
But if a kiss prove unchaste,  
Then is true love quite disgraced.  
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,  
No sweet love but honesty.

ROBERT GREENE.

[1592.]

ON a day, (alack the day!)  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a bōffom, passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wished himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is s-worn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee:  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiope were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



[1594.]

OVER hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every-where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere:  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see,  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours.  
*I must go seek some dew-drops here,*  
*And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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SONG.

[1597.]

TELL me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed: and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  
Ding, dong, bell.

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ROBERT GREENE.

*A D I R G E.*

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Look upon thy silly swain;  
By thy comfort have been seen  
Dead men brought to life again.*

NICHOLAS BRETON.

S O N G.

[1591?]

*WHAT thing is love? for sure love is a thing;  
Love is a prick, love is a sting,  
Love is a pretty, pretty thing,  
Love is a fire, love is a coal,  
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;  
And, as myself can best devise,  
His dwelling is in ladies' eyes,  
From whence he shoots his dainty darts  
Into the lusty gallants' hearts:  
And ever since was called a god  
That Mars and Venus played even and odd.*

GEORGE PEELE.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

[1591?]

1.

*COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.*

## II.

*And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melo-dious birds sing madrigals.*

## III.

*And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.*

## IV.

*A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold. . .*

## V.

*A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs.  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.*

## VI.

*The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

*MADRIGAL.*

[1598.]

*LADY, your words do spite me,  
Yet, your sweet lips so soft kiss and delight me ;  
Your deeds my heart surcharged with overjoying,  
Your taunts my life destroying ;  
Since both have force to kill me,  
Let kisses sweet, sweet kill me !  
Knights fight with swords and lances,  
Fight you with smiling glances ;  
So, like swans of Meander,  
My ghost from hence shall wander,  
Singing and dying, singing and dying.*

WILBYE'S MADRIGALS.



*MADRIGAL.*

[1598.]

*LADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,  
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,  
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,  
My eyes present me with a double doubting ;  
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,  
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.*

WILBYE'S MADRIGALS.

MADRIGAL.

[1598.]

*LOVE me not for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face ;  
Not for any outward part,  
No, nor for my constant heart ;  
For these may fail, or turn to ill,  
And thus we love shall sever :  
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,  
And love me still,  
Yet know not why ;  
So hast thou the same reason still,  
To dote upon me ever.*

WILBYE'S MADRIGALS.

MADRIGAL.

[1598.]

*THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,  
No chemic art can counterfeit ;  
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;  
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,  
That much in little, all in naught—Content.*

WILBYE'S MADRIGALS.

*MADRIGAL.*

[1598.]

*CHANGE me, O Heaven! into the ruby stone  
That on my love's fair locks doth hang in gold,  
Yet leave me speech to her to make my moan,  
And give me eyes her beauty to behold:  
Or if you will not make my flesh a stone,  
Make her hard heart seem flesh, that now is none.*

WILBYE'S MADRIGALS.

—♦—  
*SPRING - SONG.*

[1598.]

I.

*IN pride of May  
The fields are gay,  
The birds do sweetly sing;  
So Nature would  
That all things should  
With joy begin the Spring.*

II.

*Then, lady dear,  
Do you appear,  
In beauty like the Spring;  
I dare well say,  
The birds that day,  
More cheerfully will sing.*

WHEELKES'S BALLADS AND MADRIGALS.

*A N O D E.*

[1598.]

*As it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
Whick a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring,  
Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone :  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sang the dolefull'ſt ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity.  
Fie, fie, fie, now ſhe would cry,  
Teru, teru, by and by ;  
That to hear her ſo complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her griefs, ſo lively ſhown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'ſt in vain ;  
None take pity on thy pain ;  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ;  
King Pandion, he is dead ;  
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even ſo, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.*

*Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled,  
Every one that flatters thee,  
Is no friend of misery.*

*Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend,  
When thou hast wherewith to spend:  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call;  
And with such-like flattering,  
“Pity but he were a king.”  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice:  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandement;  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown:  
They that farmed on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep,  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.*

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

*S O N G.*

[1599.]

I.

*Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?*  
*O sweet content!*  
*Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?*  
*O punishment!*  
*Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed*  
*To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?*  
*O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!*  
*Work apace, apace, apace, apace,*  
*Honest labour bears a lovely face;*  
*Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny!*

II.

*Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?*  
*O sweet content!*  
*Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?*  
*O punishment!*  
*Then he that patiently wan's burden bears*  
*No burden bears, but is a king, a king!*  
*O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!*  
*Work apace, apace, apace, apace,*  
*Honest labour bears a lovely face:*  
*Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny!*

THOMAS DEKKER.

TO THE SPRING.

[1599.]

I.

*EARTH now is green, and heaven is blue,  
Lively Spring, which makes all new,  
Jolly Spring doth enter;  
Sweet young sunbeams do subdue  
Angry, aged Winter.*

II.

*Blasts are mild, and seas are calm,  
Every meadow flows with balm,  
The Earth wears all her riches:  
Harmonious birds sing such a psalm  
As ear and heart bewitches.*

III.

*Reserve, sweet Spring, this nymph of ours,  
Eternal garlands of thy flowers,  
Green garlands, never wasting;  
In her shall last our State's fair spring,  
Now and forever flourishing,  
As long as heaven is lasting.*

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

THE COY MAIDEN'S CONSENT.

[1599.]

I.

*O stay, sweet love, see here the place of sporting,  
These gentle flowers smile sweetly to invite us;  
And chirping birds are hitherwards resorting,  
Warbling sweet notes only to delight us.  
Then stay, dear love, for though thou run from me,  
Run ne'er so fast, yet I will follow thee.*

II.

*I thought, my love, that I should overtake you;  
Sweet heart, sit down under this shadowed tree,  
And I will promise never to forsake you,  
So you will grant to me a lover's fee.  
Whereto she smiled, and kindly to me said,  
I never meant to live and die a maid.*

FARMER'S ENGLISH MADRIGALS.



THE FLIGHT OF PHILLIS.

[1599.]

*FAIR Phillis I saw sitting all alone,  
Feeding her flock near to the mountain side;  
The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,  
But after her her lover, Amyntas, hied.  
He wandered up and down whilst she was missing:  
When he found her, then they fell a-kissing.*

FARMER'S ENGLISH MADRIGALS.

*DAMELUS' SONG TO HIS DIAPHENIA.*

[1600.]

I.

*Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,  
White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as my lambs  
Are beloved of their dams;  
How blest were I if thou wouldest prove me!*

II.

*Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as each flower  
Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.*

III.

*Diaphenia, like to all things bleffed,  
When all thy praises are exprefſed,  
Dear joy, how I do love thee!  
As the birds do love the Spring,  
Or the bees their careful king;  
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!*

HENRY CONSTABLE

THE NYMPHS,

MEETING THEIR MAY QUEEN, ENTERTAIN HER WITH THIS  
DITTY.

[1600.]

I.

*With fragrant flowers we strew the way,  
And make this our chief holy-day.  
For though this clime were blest of yore,  
Yet was it never proud before.*

*O beauteous queen of second Troy,  
Accept of our unfeigned joy.*

II.

*Now th' air is sweeter than sweet balm,  
And satyrs dance about the palm;  
Now Earth with verdure newly dight  
Gives perfect signs of her delight.*

*O beauteous queen of second Troy,  
Accept of our unfeigned joy.*

III.

*Now birds record new harmony,  
And trees do whistle melody;  
Now every thing that Nature breeds,  
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.*

*O beauteous queen of second Troy,  
Accept of our unfeigned joy.*

THOMAS WATSON.

F A L S E D O R U S.

[1600.]

*IN dew of roses sleeping  
Her lovely cheeks, Lycoris sat weeping :  
Ah, Dorus false ! thou hast my heart bereft me,  
And now, unkind, hast left me.  
Hear, alas ! O hear me !  
Ay me ! ay me !  
Cannot my beauty move thee ?  
Pity, then, pity me,  
Because I love thee.  
Ay me ! thou scorn'st the more I pray thee,  
And this thou doft to slay me.  
Ah, do, then, do, kill me and vaunt thee ;  
Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee.*

MORLEY'S MADRIGALS.



I N V O C A T I O N T O N I G H T.

[1600.]

I.

*COME, you heavy states of night,  
Do my father's spirit right.  
Soundings baleful let me borrow,  
Burthening my song with sorrow.  
Come, sorrow, come ; her eyes that sings  
By thee are turned into springs.*

II.

*Come, you virgins of the night,  
That in dirges sad delight,  
Quire my anthems; I do borrow  
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow.  
Come, sorrow, come; her eyes that sing  
By thee are turned into springs.*

DOWLAND'S BOOK OF SONGS.



TO CYNTHIA.

[1600.]

I.

*My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love,  
Mount, love, unto the moon in clearest night,  
And say, as she doth in the heavens move,  
In earth so wanes and waxes my delight.  
And whisper this, but softly in her ears,  
Hope oft doth hang the head, and truyl̄ shed tears.*

II.

*And you, my thoughts, that some mistrust do carry,  
If for mistrust my mistress you do blame,  
Say, though you alter, yet you do not vary,  
As she doth change, and yet remain the same.  
Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,  
And love is sweetest seasoned with suspect.*

III.

*If she for this with clouds do mask her eyes,  
And make the heavens dark with her disdain,  
With windy sighs disperse them in the skies,  
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain.  
Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more,  
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.*

DOWLAND'S BOOK OF SONGS.

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HIS LADY'S GRIEF.

[1600.]

I.

*I saw my lady weep,  
And sorrow proud to be advanced so  
In those fair eyes, where all perfections keep.  
Her face was full of woe,  
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts,  
Then mirth can do with her enticing parts.*

II.

*Sorrow was there made fair,  
And passion wise, tears a delightful thing,  
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare;  
She made her sighs to sing,  
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,  
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.*

III.

*O! fairer than aught else  
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve;  
Enough, enough, your joyful look excels:  
Tears kill the heart, believe.  
O, strive not to be excellent in woe,  
Which only breeds your beauties' overthrow.*

DOWLAND'S BOOK OF SONGS.



MADRIGAL.

[1600.]

I.

*WHR are you, ladies, staying,  
And your lords gone a-Maying:  
Run apace and meet them,  
And with your garlands greet them;  
'Twere pity they should miss you,  
For they will sweetly kiss you.*

II.

*Hark, hark, I hear the dancing,  
And a nimble morris prancing;  
The bagpipe and the morris bells,  
That they are not far hence us tells:  
Come, let us all go thither,  
And dance like friends together.*

WHEELKE'S MADRIGALS.

MADRIGAL.

[1600.]

*COLD winter's ice is fled and gone,  
And summer hangs on every tree;  
The redbreast peeps amidst the throng  
Of wood-born birds that wanton be:  
Each one forgets what they have been,  
And so doth Phillis, summer's queen.*

WEELKES'S MADRIGALS.



OF CORINNA'S SINGING.

[1602.]

I.

*WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,  
Her voice re-vives the leaden strings,  
And doth in highest notes appear,  
As any challenged echo clear:  
But when she doth of mourning speak,  
Even with her sighs the strings do break.*

II.

*And as her lute doth live or die,  
Led by her passions, so must I:  
For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring:  
But if she do of sorrow speak,  
Even from my heart the strings do break.*

THOMAS CAMPION.

*MADRIGAL.*

[1602.]

I.

*GIVE Beauty all her right,*  
*She's not to one form tied;*  
*Each shape yields fair delight,*  
*Where her perfections bide:*  
*Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,*  
*And Rosamond was as sweet as she.*

II.

*Some the quick eye commends,*  
*Some swelling lips, and red;*  
*Pale looks have many friends,*  
*Through sacred sweetness bred.*  
*Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,*  
*Though roses are the flowers of love.*

III.

*True Beauty is not bound*  
*To one unmoved clime:*  
*She visits every ground,*  
*And favours every time.*  
*Let the old loves with mine compare,*  
*My sovereign is as sweet and fair.*

THOMAS CAMPION.

*A SONG.*

*IN PRAISE OF A BEGGAR'S LIFE.*

[1602.]

*BRIGHT shines the sun, play, beggars, play,  
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.*

*What noise of viols is so sweet  
As when our merry clappers ring?  
What mirth doth want where beggars meet?  
A beggar's life is for a king:  
Eat, drink, and play; sleep when we list,  
Go where we will, so flocks be missed.  
Bright shines the sun, play, beggars, play,  
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.*

*The world is ours, and ours alone,  
For we alone have worlds at will:  
We purchase not, 'tis all our own,  
Both fields and streets we beggars fill:  
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,  
Did ever break a beggar's sleep.*

*Bright shines the sun, play, beggars, play,  
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.*

*A hundred head of black and white  
Upon our gowns securely feed;  
If any dares his master bite,  
He dies therefor, as sure as creed.*

*Thus beggars lord it as they please;  
And only beggars live at ease.*

*Bright shines the sun, play, beggars, play,  
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.*

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

◆  
*O D E.*

*PETITION TO HAVE HER LEAVE TO DIE.*

[1602.]

*WHEN will the fountain of my tears be dry?  
When will my sighs be spent?  
When will desire agree to let me die?  
When will thy heart relent?  
It is not for my life I plead,  
Since death the way to rest doth lead;  
But stay for thy consent,  
Lest thou be discontent.*

*For if myself without thy leave I kill,  
My ghost will never rest,  
So hath it sworn to work thine only will,  
And holds that ever best.  
For since it only lives by thee,  
Good reason thou the ruler be:  
Then give me leave to die,  
And shew thy power thereby.*

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

*MADRIGAL.*

[1602.]

*My love in her attire doth shew her wit,  
It doth so well become her;  
For every season she hath dressings fit,  
For winter, spring, and summer.  
No beauty she doth miss,  
When all her robes are on:  
For Beauty's self she is  
When all her robes are gone.*

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

*MADRIGAL.*

[1604.]

*HOLD out, my heart, with joy's delights accloyed;  
Hold out, my heart, and shew it,  
That all the world may know it,  
What sweet content thou lately hast enjoyed.  
She that, Come, dear, would say,  
Then laugh, and smile, and run away,  
And if I stayed her should cry, Nay,  
Fie, for shame, fie!  
My true love not regarding,  
Hath given me at length his full rewarding:*

*So that unless I tell  
The joys that overfill me,  
My joys, kept in full well,  
I know will kill me.*

WEELEKES'S MADRIGALS.

*THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.*

[1606.]

*THERE is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies blow;  
A heauenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow:  
There cherries grow that none may buy,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.*

*Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rose-buds filled with snow:  
Yet them nor peer nor prince may buy,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.*

*Her eyes like angels watch them still;  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that approach with eye or hand  
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.*

ALLISON'S HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSIC.

*S O N G.*

[1606?]

*I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
And I might have gone near to love thee,  
Had I not found the slightest prayer  
That lips could speak had power to move thee :  
But I can let thee now alone,  
As worthy to be loved by none.*

*I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
Thee such an unthrif of thy sweets,  
Thy favours are but like the wind,  
That kisst every thing it meets ;  
And since thou canst with more than one,  
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.*

*The morning rose, that untouched stands,  
Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells !  
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,  
Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;  
But scent and beauty both are gone,  
And leaves fall from her one by one.*

*Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been awhile,  
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside :  
And I will sigh, while some will smile,  
To see thy love for more than one  
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.*

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

## MADRIGAL.

[1606.]

*WHITHER so fast? Ah, see the kindly flowers  
Perfume the air, and all to make thee stay:  
The climbing woodbine, clipping all these bowers,  
Clips thee likewise, for fear thou pass away:  
Fortune, our friend, our foe, will not gainsay:  
Stay but awhile, Phœbe no tell-tale is:  
She her Endymion—I'll my Phœbe kiss.*

BATESON'S MADRIGALS.

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## SONG.

[1607.]

I.

*PACK clouds away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,  
To give my love good-morrow.  
Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,  
To give my love good-morrow.  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Notes from them both I'll borrow.*

II.

*Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good-morrow.  
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;  
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow.  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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MADRIGAL.

[1608.]

*UPON a hill the bonny boy,  
Sweet Thirfis, sweetly played,  
And called his lambs their master's joy;  
And more he would have said,  
But love that gives the lover's wings,  
Withdrew his mind from other things.*

*His pipe and he could not agree,  
For Milla was his note:  
The silly pipe could never get  
This lovely name by rote:  
With that they both fell on a sound,  
He fell asleep, his pipe to ground.*

WEEKE'S AIRS.

*SONG.*

[1609.]

*STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed;  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.*

*Give me a look, give me a face  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.*

BEN JONSON.

*TO CELIA.*

[1616.]

*DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.*

*I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me :  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.*

BEN JONSON.

---

TO CELIA.

[1616.]

*Kiss me, sweet ; the wary lover  
Can your favours keep, and cover,  
When the common courting jay  
All your bounties will betray.  
Kiss again ! no creature comes ;  
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums  
On my lips, thus hardly sundered,  
While you breathe. First give a hundred,  
Then a thousand, then another  
Hundred, then unto the other  
Add a thousand, and so more ;  
Till you equal with the store,  
All the grass that Rumney yields,  
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,*

*Or the drops in silver Thames,  
Or the stars that gild his streams,  
In the silent summer-nights,  
When youths ply their stolen delights ;  
That the curious may not know  
How to tell 'em as they flow ;  
And the envious, when they find  
What their number is, be pined.*

BEN JONSON.

— — —

### THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

[1616?]

*SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,  
Wherein my lady rideth !  
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
And well the car Love guideth.  
As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty ;  
And, enamoured, do swib, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side,  
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.*

*Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that Love's world compriseth !  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As Love's star when it riseth !  
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother  
Than words that soothe her !*

*And from her arched brows, such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face,  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.*

*Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow,  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of beaver?  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!*

BEN JONSON.

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THE WOOING SONG OF PANGLORY.

[1610.]

*LOVE is the blossom where there blows  
Every thing that lives or grows;  
Love doth make the heavens to move,  
And the sun doth burn in love:  
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,  
And makes the ivy climb the oak,  
Under whose shadows lions wild,  
Softened by love, grow tame and mild.  
Love no medicine can appease;  
He burns the fishes in the seas:*

*Not all the skill his wounds can stanch,  
Not all the sea his fire can quench.  
Love did make the bloody spear  
Once a leavy coat to wear,  
While in his leaves there shrouded lay  
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play;  
And of all Love's joyful flame  
I the bud and blossom am.  
Only bend thy knee to me,  
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.*

*See, see the flowers that below  
Now as fresh as morning blow,  
And of all, the virgin rose,  
That as bright Aurora shows;  
How they all unleaved die,  
Losing their virginity:  
Like unto a summer-shade,  
But now born, and now they fade.  
Every thing doth pass away;  
There is danger in delay.  
Come, come gather, then, the rose;  
Gather it, or it you lose.  
All the sand of Tagus' shore  
In my bosom casts his ore:  
All the valleys' swimming corn  
To my house is yearly borne:  
Every grape of every wine  
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;  
While ten thousand kings, as proud  
To carry up my train, have bowed,*

*And a world of ladies send me  
In my chambers to attend me:  
All the stars in heaven that shine,  
And ten thousand more, are mine.*

*Only bend thy knee to me,  
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.*

GILES FLETCHER.

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SONG.

[1610.]

*Do not fear to put thy feet  
Naked in the river, sweet;  
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,  
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;  
Nor let the water rising high,  
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry,  
And sob; but ever live with me,  
And not a wave shall trouble thee.*

JOHN FLETCHER.

---

SONG.

[1617?]

*WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;  
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh, nor grow again.*

*Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe;  
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.*

JOHN FLETCHER.

—♦—  
*SONG.*

[1624 ?]

*'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;  
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;  
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,  
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold:  
Your beds of wanton down the best,  
Where you shall tumble to your rest;  
I could wish you wenches too,  
But I am dead, and cannot do.  
Call for the best the house may ring,  
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,  
And drink apace, while breath you have;  
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:  
Plover, partridge for your dinner,  
And a capon for the sinner,  
You shall find ready when you're up,  
And your horse shall have his sup:  
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,  
And I shall smile, though under ground.*

JOHN FLETCHER.

*SONG.*

[1624?]

*TAKE, oh! take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, like break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn!  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.*

*Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are yet of those that April wears!  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.*

JOHN FLETCHER.

—♦—  
*SONG.*

[1624?]

*DRINK to-day, and drown all sorrow,  
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:  
Best, while you have it, use your breath;  
There is no drinking after death.*

*Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,  
There is no cure gainst age but it;  
It helps the head-ache, cough, and phthisic,  
And is for all diseases physic.*

*Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;  
Who drinks swell loves the commonwealth.  
And he that will to bed go sober,  
Falls with the leaf, still in October.*

JOHN FLETCHER.

---

SONG.

[1624?]

*HENCE, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly !  
There's naught in this life sweet,  
If men were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy !  
O, sweetest melancholy !  
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
A sigh, that, piercing, mortifies ;  
A look that's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound !  
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,  
Places which pale Passion loves !  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !  
A midnight bell, a parting groan,  
These are the sounds we feed upon ;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.*

JOHN FLETCHER.

*MADRIGAL.*

[1612.]

*HAVE I found her? O rich finding!*  
*Goddess-like for to behold;*  
*Her fair tresses seemly binding*  
*In a chain of pearl and gold:*  
*Chain me, chain me, oh most fair,*  
*Chain me to thee with that hair!*

PILKINGTON'S MADRIGALS.

— ◆ —

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[1612.]

*SHALL I, wafting in despair,*  
*Die, because a woman's fair?*  
*Or make pale my cheeks with care,*  
*'Cause another's rosy are?*  
*Be she fairer than the day,*  
*Or the flowery meads in May,*  
*If she be not so to me,*  
*What care I how fair she be?*

*Shall my foolish heart be pined,*  
*'Cause I see a woman kind,*  
*Or a well-disposed nature,*  
*Joined with a lovely feature?*  
*Be she meeker, kinder, than*  
*Turtle-dove or pelican,*

*If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?*

*Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her well-deserving known,  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest,  
Which may gain her name of best,  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?*

*'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do,  
That without them dare to woo:  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?*

*Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair.  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve:  
If she slight me, when I woo,  
I can scorn, and let her go.  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?*

GEORGE WITHER.

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[1612.]

*CALL for the robin redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
Call unto his funeral dole  
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm:  
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.*

JOHN WEBSTER

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[1616?]

*HARK, now every thing is still;  
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill  
Call upon our dame aloud,  
And bid her quickly don her shroud!  
Much you had of land and rent;  
Your length in clay's now competent:  
A long war disturbed your mind;  
Here your perfect peace is signed.  
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?  
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,  
Their life a general mist of error,  
Their death a hideous storm of terror.*

*Strew your hair with powders sweet,  
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,  
And (the foul fiend more to check)  
A crucifix let bless your neck:  
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day,  
End your groan, and come away.*

JOHN WEBSTER.

—  
[1623.]

*ALL the flowers of the Spring  
Meet to perfume our burying:  
These have but their growing prime,  
And man does flourish but his time.  
Survey our progress from our birth;  
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.  
Courts adieu, and all delights,  
All bewitching appetites!  
Sweetest breath, and clearest eye,  
Like perfumes, go out and die;  
And consequently this is done  
As shadows wait upon the sun.  
Vain the ambition of kings,  
Who seek by trophies and dead things  
To leave a living name behind,  
And weave but nets to catch the wind.*

JOHN WEBSTER.

MADRIGAL.

[1613?]

*O sar, dear life, when shall those twin-born berries,  
So lovely ripe, by my rude lips be tasted?  
Shall I not pluck—sweet, say not nay!—those cherries?  
O let them not with summer's heat be blazfed!  
Nature, thou know'ſt, bestowed them free on thee;  
Then be thou kind, bestow them free on me.*

WARD'S MADRIGALS.



THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

[1614.]

*How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will:  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill*

*Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame, or private breath.*

*Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice; who never understood  
How deepeſt wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of State, but rules of good.*

*Who hath his life from rumours freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great.*

*Who GOD doth late and early pray  
More of his Grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book, or friend.*

*This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.*

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

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*ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.*

[1620.]

*You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number than your light,  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the sun shall rise?*

*You curious chanters of the wood,  
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By your weak accents, what's your praise,  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?*

*You violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the Spring were all your own,  
What are you when the rose is blown?*

*So, when my mistress shall be seen,  
In form, and beauty of her mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,  
Tell me, if she were not designed  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?*

SIR HENRY WOTTON.



### THE INDIFFERENT.

[1615?]

I.

*NEVER more will I protest  
To love a woman, but in jest:  
For as they cannot be true,  
So to give each man his due,  
When the wooing fit is past,  
Their affection cannot last.*

II.

*Therefore if I chance to meet  
With a mistress, fair and sweet,  
She my service shall obtain,  
Loving her for love again:*

*This much liberty I crave,  
Not to be a constant slave.*

III.

*But when we have tried each other,  
If she better like another,  
Let her quickly change for me,  
Then to change am I as free.*

*He or she that loves too long,  
Sell their freedom for a song.*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

— — — ◆ — —

MADRIGAL.

[1616.]

*I FEAR not henceforth death,  
Sith after this departure yet I breathe;  
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,  
Their highest treasons shew:  
Let sky and earth combined  
Strive, if they can, to end my life and woe;  
Sith grief cannot, me nothing can o'erthrew:  
Or if that aught can cause my fatal lot,  
It will be when I hear I am forgot.*

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

## A KISS.

[1616.]

*HARK, happy lovers, hark,  
This first and last of joys,  
This sweetener of annoys,  
This nectar of the gods  
Ye call a kiss, is with itself at odds;  
And half so sweet is not  
In equal measure got  
At light of sun, as it is in the dark:  
Hark, happy lovers, hark.*

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.



## DESIRED DEATH.

[1631?]

*DEAR life, while I do touch  
These coral ports of bliss,  
Which still themselves do kiss,  
And sweetly me invite to do as much,  
All panting in my lips  
My heart my sense doth leave,  
No sense my senses have,  
And inward powers do find a strange eclipse;  
This death so heavenly well  
Doth so me please, that I  
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,  
If that even thus I only could but die.*

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

TO SLEEP.

[1631?]

*How comes it, Sleep, that thou  
Even kisst me affords  
Of her, dear her, so far who's absent now?  
How did I hear those words,  
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to boro?  
Ay me, before half day  
Why didst thou steal away?  
Return, I thine forever will remain,  
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.*

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.



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[1616.]

*SHALL I tell you whom I love?  
Hearken then awhile to me;  
And if such a woman move,  
As I now shall verify,  
Be assured 'tis she, or none,  
That I love, and love alone.*

*Nature did her so much right,  
As she scorns the help of art;  
In as many virtues dight  
As e'er yet embraced a heart:  
So much good, so truly tried,  
Some for less were deified.*

*With she hath, without desire  
To make known how much she hath ;  
And her anger flames no higher  
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.  
Full of pity as may be,  
Though, perhaps, not so for me.*

*Reason masters every sense,  
And her virtues grace her birth ;  
Lovely as all excellence,  
Modest in her most of mirth :  
Likelihood enough to prove  
Only worth could kindle love.*

*Such she is : and if you know  
Such a one as I have sung ;  
Be she brown, or fair, or so,  
That she be but somewhat young ;  
Be assured 'tis she, or none,  
That I love, and love alone.*

WILLIAM BROWNE.

---

SONG.

[1620?]

*STEER, hither steer, your winged pines,  
All beaten mariners ;  
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,  
A prey to passengers :  
Perfumes far sweeter than the best  
Which make the phoenix' urn and nest.*

*Fear not your ships,  
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips:  
But come on shore,  
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.*

*For swelling waves, our panting breasts,  
Where never storms arise,  
Exchange, and be awhile our guests;  
For stars, gaze on our eyes.  
The compass Love shall hourly sing,  
And, as he goes about the ring,  
We will not miss  
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.  
Then come on shore,  
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.*

WILLIAM BROWNE.

— ♦ —  
SONG.

[1617?]

I.

*LOVE is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that with most cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.  
Why so?  
More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,  
Heigh ho!*

II.

*Love is a torment of the mind,  
A tempest everlasting:  
And Jove hath made it of a kind,  
Not well, nor full nor fasting.  
Why so?  
More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,  
Heigh ho!*

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SONG.

[1617?]

*HAD Sorrow ever fitter place  
To act his part,  
Than is my heart,  
Where it takes up all the space?  
Where is no vein  
To entertain  
A thought that wears another face?*

*Nor will I Sorrow ever have  
Therein to be,  
But only thee,  
To whom I full possession gave:  
Thou in thy name  
Must hold the same,  
Until thou bring it to the grave.*

SAMUEL DANIEL.

*S O N G.*

[1618.]

I.

*Rise, lady, mistress, rise!*  
*The night hath tedious been;*  
*No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,*  
*Nor slumbers made me sin:*  
*Is not she a saint then, say,*  
*Thought of whom keeps sin away?*

II.

*Rise, madam, rise, and give me light,*  
*Whom darkness still will cover,*  
*And ignorance, darker than the night,*  
*Till thou smile on thy lover:*  
*All want day till thy beauty rise,*  
*For the gray morn breaks from thine eyes.*

NATHANIEL FIELD.

— ♦ —  
*THE CRIER.*

[1619.]

*Good folk, for gold or hire,*  
*But help me to a crier,*  
*For my poor heart is run away,*  
*After two eyes that passed this way.*  
*O yes, O yes, O yes,*

*If there be any man,  
In town or country, can  
Bring me my heart again,  
I'll please him for his pain;  
And by these marks I will you shew  
That only I this heart do owe.  
It is a wounded heart,  
Wherein yet sticks the dart;  
Every piece sore hurt throughout it,  
Faith and troth twixt round about it.  
It was a tame heart, and a dear,  
And never used to roam;  
But having got this haunt, I fear  
'Twill hardly stay at home.  
For GOD's sake, walking by the way,  
If you my heart do see,  
Either impound it for a stray,  
Or send it back to me.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



*SONG.*

[1620?]

I.

*LADIES, flee from Love's sweet tale;  
Oaths steeped in tears do oft prevail:  
Grief is infectious, and the air,  
Inflamed with sighs, will blast the fair.  
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,  
Lest yourself weeping with soft eye*

*Shall with a sorrowing tear repay  
That pity which you cast away.*

II.

*Young men, flee when Beauty darts  
Amorous glances at your hearts:  
A quick eye gives the surer aim,  
And ladies' lips have power to maim.  
Now in her lips, now in her eyes,  
Lapt in a kiss or smile, Love lies;  
Then flee betimes, for only they  
Do conquer Love that run away.*

WILLIAM HERBERT, *Earl of Pembroke.*

◆  
*SONG.*

[1622.]

*STAR, bold thoughts, refrain your will,  
Silent be, and suffer still.  
What! not speak, if she be by?  
Torment; if you do, you die:  
Say the flame to rise begin,  
Tears without may quench within.  
Better die in easy pain,  
Suffering, than if not be slain.  
Is there then no remedy?  
Silence, then I'll welcome thee!  
And thou, tongue of mine, conceal  
What the heart must not reveal.*

LEONARD DIGGES.

*SONG.*

[1622.]

I.

*COME buy, you lusty gallants,*  
*These simples which I sell:*  
*In all our days were never seen like these,*  
*For beauty, strength, and smell.*  
*Here's the king-cup, the pansy, with the violet,*  
*The rose that loves the shower,*  
*The wholesome gilliflower,*  
*Both the cowslip, lily,*  
*And the daffadilly,*  
*With a thousand in my power.*

II.

*Here's golden amaranthus,*  
*That true love can provoke,*  
*Of horehound store, and poisoning heliebore,*  
*With the polipode of the oak:*  
*Here's chaste vervine, and lustful eringo,*  
*Health-preserving sage,*  
*And rue, which cures old age,*  
*With a world of others,*  
*Making fruitful mothers;*  
*All these attend me as my page.*

MARKHAM AND SAMPSON.

*S O N G.*

[1626?] \*

*DROP golden showers, gentle Sleep,  
And all the angels of the night,  
Which do us in protection keep,  
Make this queen dream of delight.  
Morpheus, be kind a little, and be  
Death's now true image, for 'twill prove  
To this poor queen that thou art he;  
Her grave is made i' the bed of love.  
Thus with sweet sweets can Heaven mix gall,  
And marriage turn to funeral.*

THOMAS GOFFE.

*S O N G.*

[1628.]

*How I laugh at their fond wish,  
Whose desire  
Aims no higher  
Than the baits of Midas' dish!  
  
What is gold but yellow dirt,  
Which th' unkind  
Heavens refined,  
When they made us love our hurt?  
  
Would to Heaven that I might sleep  
My faint eyes  
In the wise,  
In the gentle dew of Sleep!*

*Whose effects do pose us so,  
That we deem  
It does seem  
Both Death's brother and his foe.*

*This does always with us keep,  
And being dead  
That's not fled;  
Death is but a longer Sleep.*

ROBERT GOMERSALL.

— ◆ —  
*A SONG,*

*FOR THE MUSIC LECTURE.*

[1633.]

*STRIKE again! O, no, no more,  
I implore;  
Such another touch would be  
My destiny!  
What bewitching sounds are these,  
Which so please,  
As that we begin to fear  
What we hear?  
Sound yet louder! Raise a tone,  
Which to own  
The celestial quire would be  
Suitors t' ye.  
Sound yet louder! that if Fate  
Make this date*

*To my years, I yet may die  
Speedily;  
And that this ditty, sweetly strong,  
May be my death and funeral song.*

ROBERT GOMERSALL.

SONG.

[1630.]

I.

*We care not for money, riches, or wealth,  
Old Sack is our money, old Sack is our health:  
Then let's flock hither,  
Like birds of a feather,  
To drink, to fling,  
To laugh, to sing,  
Conferring our notes together,  
Conferring our notes together.*

II.

*Come, let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,  
The Winter with us is as good as the Spring:  
We care not a feather  
For wind, or for weather,  
But night and day  
We sport and play,  
Conferring our notes together,  
Conferring our notes together.*

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

*S O N G.*

[1631.]

*WHY art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,  
To stop a wretch's breath,  
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart  
A prey unto thy dart?  
I am not young, nor fair; be, therefore, bold:  
Sorrow hath made me old,  
Deformed, and wrinkled; all that I can crave  
Is quiet in my grave.  
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;  
But to me thou art cruel,  
If thou end not my tedious misery,  
And I soon cease to be.  
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,  
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.*

PHILIP MASSINGER.

◆  
*VIR TUE.*

[1631?]

*SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.*

*Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.*

*Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.*

*Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives:  
But though the whole world turns to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.*

GEORGE HERBERT.



#### *DISDAIN RETURNED.*

[1632.]

I.

*HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.*

II.

*But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts, with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires.  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.*

THOMAS CAREW.

SONG.

[1636 ?]

I.

*Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose;  
For in your beauty's orient deep,  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.*

II.

*Ask me no more whither doth stray  
The golden atoms of the day;  
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.*

III.

*Ask me no more whither doth hastle  
The nightingale when Spring is past;  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her note.*

IV.

*Ask me no more where those stars light  
That downwards fall in dead of night;  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become as in their sphere.*

V.

*Ask me no more if east or west  
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.*

THOMAS CAREW.

*SONG.*

*C E L I A S I N G I N G.*

[1636?]

*You that think love can convey  
No other way,  
But through the eyes, into the heart,  
His fatal dart;  
Close up those casements, and but hear  
This siren sing;  
And on the wing  
Of her sweet voice it shall appear  
That love can enter at the ear:  
Then unveil your eyes, behold  
The curious mould  
Where that voice dwells; and, as we know,  
When the cocks crow,  
We freely may  
Gaze on the day:  
So may you, when the music's done,  
Awake and see the rising sun.*

THOMAS CAREW.

*SONG.*

[1633.]

*OH, no more, no more, too late  
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers  
Of a life as chaste as fate,  
Pure as are un-written papers,*

*Are burned out: no heat, no light  
Now remains; 'tis ever night.*

*Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,*

*Locked in endless dreams,*

*The extreme of all extremes,*

*Ope no more, for now love dies.*

*Now love dies, implying*

*Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.*

JOHN FORD.

---

D I R G E.

[1633.]

*GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delight, and ease,  
Can but please*

*The outward senses, when the mind  
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.*

*Crowns may flourish and decay,  
Beauties shine, but fade away.*

*Youth may revel, yet it must  
Lie down in a bed of dust.*

*Earthly honours flow and waste,  
Time alone doth change and lay.*

*Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare  
Rest for care;*

*Love only reigns in death; though art  
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.*

JOHN FORD.

*S O N G.*

[1634.]

*O SORROW,* Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?

In the lowest room of hell.

Art thou born of human race?

No, no, I have a fierier face!

Art thou in city, town, or court?

I to every place resort.

*O,* why into the world is Sorrow sent?

Men afflicted best repent.

What dost thou feed on?

Broken sleep.

What takest thou pleasure in?

To weep;

To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,

To twining my hands, to sit alone.

*O when, O when* shall Sorrow quiet have?

Never, never, never, never,

Never till she finds a grave.

SAMUEL ROWLEY.



*TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.*

[1634.]

1.

*YE,* blushing virgins, happy are

In the chaste nunnery of her breasts;

For he'd profane so chaste a fair,

Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests.

II.

*Transplanted thus how bright ye grow,  
How rich a perfume do ye yield!  
In some close garden, cowslips so  
Are sweeter than i' the open field.*

III.

*In those white cloisters live secure  
From the rude blasts of wanton breath;  
Each hour more innocent and pure,  
Till you shall wither into death.*

IV.

*Then that which living gave you room,  
Your glorious sepulchre shall be:  
There wants no marble for a tomb,  
Whose heart hath marble been to me.*

WILLIAM HABINGTON.



UPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

[1634.]

*Vows are vain. No suppliant breath  
Stays the speed of swift-heeled Death.  
Life with her is gone, and I  
Learn but a new way to die.  
See, the flowers condole, and all  
Wither in my funeral.  
The bright lily, as if day  
Parted with her, fades away.*

*Violets hang their heads, and lose  
All their beauty That the rose  
A sad part in sorrow bears,  
Witness all those dewy tears,  
Which as pearl, or diamond-like;  
Swell upon her blushing cheek.  
All things mourn. But O, behold  
Howe the withered marigold  
Closeth up now she is gone,  
Judging her the setting Sun!*

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

SONG.

[1634.]

*SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
Within thy airy shell,  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
That likest thy Narcissus are?  
O, if thou have  
Hid them in some flowery cave,  
Tell me but where,  
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.*

JOHN MILTON.

*S O N G.*

[1634.]

*SABRINA fair,*

*Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
Listen for dear honour's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,  
Listen and save.*

*Listen and appear to us  
In name of great Oceanus,  
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethys' grave majestic face,  
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,  
By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands,  
By Thetis' tinsel-slipped feet,  
And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
Wherewith she fits on diamond rocks,  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
From thy coral-paven bed,*

*And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answered have.  
Lijlen and save.*

JOHN MILTON.

SONG.

[1638.]

I.

*WHILE Morpheus thus does gently lay  
His powerful charge upon each part,  
Making thy spirits even obey  
The sil-ver charms of his dull art;*

II.

*I, thy Good Angel, from thy side,  
As smoke doth from the altar rise,  
Making no noise as it doth glide,  
Will leave thee in this soft surprise;*

III.

*And from the clouds will fetch thee down  
A holy vision, to express  
Thy right unto an earthly crown;  
No power can make this kingdom less.*

IV.

*But gently, gently, lest I bring  
A start in sleep by sudden flight,  
Playing aloof, and hovering,  
Till I am lost unto the fight.*

*This is a motion still and soft:  
So free from noise and cry,  
That Jove himself, who hears a thought,  
Knows not when we pass by.*

HENRY KILLIGREW.



S O N G.

[1638.]

I.

*WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prithee why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee why so pale?*

II.

*Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prithee why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Prithee why so mute?*

III.

*Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her:  
The devil take her!*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

*SONG.*

[1640?]

I.

*Out upon it, I have loved  
Three whole days together;  
And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather!*

II.

*Time shall moult away his wings,  
Ere he shall discover,  
In the whole wide world again,  
Such a constant lover.*

III.

*But the spite on't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me:  
Love with me had made no stays,  
Had it any been but she.*

IV.

*Had it any been but she,  
And that very face,  
There had been at least ere this  
A dozen dozen in her place!*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

OF A MISTRESS  
OF WHOSE AFFECTION HE WAS DOUBTFUL.

[1639.]

*WHAT* though with figures I should raise  
Above all height my mistress' praise;  
Calling her cheek a blushing rose,  
The fairest June did e'er disclose;  
Her forehead, lilies; and her eyes,  
The luminaries of the skies:  
That on her lips ambrosia grows,  
And from her kisses nectar flows?  
Too great hyperboles, unless  
She loves me, she is none of these.  
But if her heart and her desires  
Do answer mine with equal fires,  
These attributes are then too poor:  
She is all these, and ten times more.

THOMAS NABbes.

—♦—  
SONG.

[1639.]

1.

*UNCLOSE* those eyelids, and outshine  
The brightness of the breaking day!  
The light they cover is divine;  
Why should it fade so soon away?  
Stars vanish so, and day appears;  
The sun's so drowned i' the morning's tears.

II.

*O, let not sadness cloud this beauty,  
Which if you lose you'll ne'er recover!  
It is not Love's, but Sorrow's duty,  
To die so soon for a dead lover.  
Banish, O, banish grief, and then  
Our joys will bring our hopes again.*

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.



OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

[1640?]

I.

*To thy lover,  
Dear, discover  
That sweet blush of thine that shameth  
(When those roses  
It discloses)  
All the flowers that Nature nameth.*

II.

*In free air  
Flow thy hair,  
That no more Summer's best dresses  
Be behoden  
For their golden  
Locks to Phœbus' flaming tresses.*

III.

*O deliver  
Love his quiver;  
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,*

*Where Apollo<sup>w</sup>  
Cannot follow,  
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.*

IV.

*O envy not  
(That we die not)  
Those dear lips whose door encloses  
All the Graces  
In their places,  
Brother pearls, and sister roses!*

V.

*From these treasures  
Of ripe pleasures  
One bright smile to clear the weather :  
Earth and heaven,  
Thus made even,  
Both will be good friends together.*

VI.

*The air does woo thee,  
Winds cling to thee ;  
Might a word once fly from out thee,  
Storm and thunder  
Would fit under,  
And keep silence round about thee.*

VII.

*But if Nature's  
Common creatures  
So dear glories dare not borrow ;*

*Yet thy beauty  
Owes a duty  
To my loving, lingering sorrow.*

VIII.

*When to end me  
Death shall send me  
All his terrors to affright me:  
Thine eyes' graces  
Gild their faces,  
And those terrors shall delight me.*

IX. .

*When my dying  
Life is flying,  
Those sweet airs that often flew me  
Shall revive me,  
Or reprieve me,  
And to many deaths renew me.*

RICHARD CRASHAW.

---

D I R G E.

[1640.]

*NOBLEST bodies are but gilded clay.  
Put away  
But the precious shining rind,  
The inmost rottenness remains behind.  
Kings, on earth though gods they be,  
Yet in death are vile as we.*

*He, a thousand kings before,  
Now is vassal unto more.  
Vermin now insulting lie,  
And dig for diamonds in each eye ;  
Whilst the sceptre-bearing hand  
Cannot their inroads withstand.  
Here doth one in odours wade,  
By the regal unction made ;  
While another dares to gnaw  
On that tongue, his people's law.  
Fools, ah ! fools are we that so contrive,  
And do strive,  
In each gaudy ornament,  
Who shall his corpse in the best dish present.*

SICILY AND NAPLES : A TRAGEDY.

---

*TO CYNTHIA,  
ON CONCEALMENT OF HER BEAUTY.*

[1641.]

I.

*Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,  
The star-light of serenest skies ;  
Lest, wanting of their heavenly light,  
They turn to Chaos' endless night !*

II.

*Do not conceal those tresses fair,  
The silken snares of thy curled hair ;  
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,  
The curious silk-worm work no more !*

III.

*Do not conceal those breasts of thine,  
More snow-white than the Apennine;  
Lest, if there be like snow and frost,  
The lily be forever lost!*

IV.

*Do not conceal that fragrant scent,  
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent  
Perfumes; lest, it being supprest,  
No spices grow in all the East!*

V.

*Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,  
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice;  
Lest, music hearing no such thing,  
The nightingale forgot to sing!*

VI.

*Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse  
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips;  
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth  
Gems which from thee have all their worth!*

VII.

*Do not conceal no beauty, grace,  
That's either in thy mind or face;  
Lest virtue overcome by vice  
Make men believe no Paradise!*

SIR FRANCIS KINASTON.

S O N G.

[1642.]

*MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells  
In cottages and smoky cells,  
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down;  
And though he fears no prince's frown,  
Flies from the circle of a crown.*

*Come, I say, thou powerful God,  
And thy leaden charming rod,  
Dipped in the Lethean lake,  
O'er his wakeful temples shake,  
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.*

*Nature, alas! why art thou so  
Obliged to thy greatest foe?  
Sleep, that is thy best repast,  
Yet of death it bears a taste,  
And both are the same thing at last.*

SIR JOHN DENHAM.



TO ALTHEA.

FROM PRISON.

[1642.]

*WHEN Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates;  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates:*

*When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds, that wanton in the air,  
Know no such liberty.*

*When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,  
Know no such liberty.*

*When, like committed linnets, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.*

*Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage:  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.*

RICHARD LOVELACE.

SONG.

TO LUCASTA. GOING TO THE WARS.

[1646.]

*TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.*

*True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.*

*Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore:  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not Honour more.*

RICHARD LOVELACE.

A VALLEDICION.

[1642?]

*BID me not go where neither sun nor showers  
Do make or cherish flowers;  
Where discontented things in sadness lie,  
And Nature grieves as I.  
When I am parted from these eyes,  
From which my better day doth rise,  
Though some propitious Power  
Should plant me in a bower,*

*Where amongst happy lovers I might see  
How showers and sunbeams bring  
One everlasting Spring,  
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me:  
Nature herself to him is lost,  
Who loseth her he honours most.  
Then, fairest, to my parting view display  
Your graces all in one full day:  
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep, till when  
I do return and view agen:  
So by this art Fancy shall Fortune cross,  
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.*

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

---

ON A GIRDL E.

[1645.]

*THAT which her slender waist confined,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind;  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.*

*It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move!*

*A narrow compass, and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.*

EDMUND WALLER.

*GO, LOVELY ROSE.*

[1645.]

I.

*Go, lovely Rose!*  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

II.

*Tell her that's young,*  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

III.

*Small is the worth*  
*Of beauty from the light retired;*  
*Bid her come forth,*  
*Suffer herself to be desired,*  
*And not blush so to be admired.*

IV.

*Then die, that she*  
*The common fate of all things rare*  
*May read in thee;*  
*How small a part of Time they share*  
*That are so wondrous sweet and fair!*

EDMUND WALLER.

THE PASSING-BELL.

[1646.]

HARK! how chimes the passing-bell,  
There's no music to a knell:  
All the other sounds we hear  
Flatter, and but cheat our ear.  
This doth put us still in mind  
That our flesh must be resigned,  
And a general silence made,  
The world be muffled in a shade.  
He that on his pillow lies,  
Tear-embalmed before he dies,  
Carries, like a sheep, his life  
To meet the sacrificer's knife,  
And for Eternity is prest,  
Sad bell-wether to the rest.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

SONG.

[1659.]

I.

THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against Fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

II.

*Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to Fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.*

III.

*The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon Death's purple altar now  
See, where the victor victim bleeds:  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.*

JAMES SHIRLEY.

---

SONG.

C E L I A   I N   L O V E.

[1646.]

*I FELT my heart, and found a flame,  
That for relief and shelter came:  
I entertained the treacherous guest,  
And gave it welcome in my breast.*

*Poor Celia! whither wilt thou go?  
To cool in streams, or freeze in snow?  
Or gentle Zephyrus entreat,  
To chill thy flames, and fan thy heat?  
Perhaps a taper's fading beams  
May die in air, or quench in streams;  
But love is a mysterious fire,  
Nor can in air or ice expire:  
Nor will this Phœnix be supprest  
But with the ruin of his nest.*

MARTIN LLUELLIN.

---

HONOUR.

[1647.]

I.

*SHE loves, and she confesses too;  
There's then at last no more to do.  
The happy work's entirely done,  
Enter the town which thou hast won;  
The fruits of conquest now begin:  
To Triumphe! Enter in.*

II.

*What's this, ye gods! what can it be?  
Remains there still an enemy?  
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,  
And would yet capitulate.  
Have I o'ercome all real foes,  
And shall this Phantom me oppose?*

III.

*Noisy Nothing! stalking Shade!  
By what witchcraft wert thou made?  
Empty cause of solid harms!  
But I shall find out counter-charms<sup>¶</sup>  
Thy airy Devilship to remove  
From this circle here of Love.*

IV.

*Sure I shall rid myself of thee,  
By the Night's obscurity,  
And obscurer Secrecy.  
Unlike to e-very other sprite,  
Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,  
Nor appear'st but in the Light.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY.



C H E R R Y - R I P E .

[1648.]

*C H E R R Y - R I P E , ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones, come and buy  
If so be you ask me where  
They do grow, I answer, There,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile;  
There's the land, or cherry-isle,  
Whose plantations fully shew  
All the year where cherries grow.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO MEADOWS.

[1648.]

I.

*Ye have been fresh and green,  
Ye have been filled with flowers;  
And ye the walks have been  
Where maids have spent their hours.*

II.

*Ye have beheld how they  
With wicker arks did come,  
To kiss and bear away  
The richer cowslips home.*

III.

*Ye have heard them sweetly sing,  
And seen them in a round:  
Each virgin, like a Spring,  
With honeysuckles crowned.*

IV.

*But now we see none here  
Whose silvery feet did tread,  
And with dishevelled hair  
Adorned this smoother mead.*

V.

*Like unthrifts, having spent  
Your stock, and needy grown,  
Ye are left here to lament  
Your poor estates, alone.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

[1648.]

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
    Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born  
    Just as the modeſt Morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew?  
Alas! ye have not known that ſhower  
    That mars a flower;  
Nor felt th' unkind  
    Breath of a blaſting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
    Or warped, as we,  
Who think it ſtrange to ſee  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
To ſpeak by tears before ye have a tongue.  
  
Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known  
    The reason why  
Ye droop and die.  
Is it for want of ſleep,  
    Or childiſh lullaby?  
Or that ye have not ſeen as yet  
    The violet?  
    Or brought a kiss  
From that ſweet heart to this?  
No, no, this ſorrow shown  
    By your tears ſhed,  
Would haue this lecture read:  
That things of greateſt, ſo of meaneſt worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO DAFFODILS.

[1648]

I

*FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
    You hast away so soon:  
As yet the early-rising sun  
    Has not attained his noon.*

*Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
    Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having prayed together, we  
    Will go with you along.*

II.

*We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a Spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
    As you, or any thing.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
    Away  
Like to the Summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
    Ne'er to be found again.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO BLOSSOMS.

[1648.]

I.

*FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.*

II.

*What, were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.*

III.

*But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave;  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO VIRGINS,  
TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

[1648.]

I.

*GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.*

II.

*The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.*

III.

*That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.*

IV.

*Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may forever tarry.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

*THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.*

[1648.]

I.

*Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.*

II.

*No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,  
Nor snake or glow-worm bite thee;  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghoſt there's none to affright thee.*

III.

*Let not the dark thee cumber;  
What though the moon does flumber?  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number.*

IV.

*Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me:  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silvery feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

[1648.]

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,  
Made rival with the air,  
To give Perenna's lip a kiss,  
And fan her wanton hair,

Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,  
Instead of common showers,  
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me,  
And all beset with flowers.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO THE WATER-NYMPHS  
DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

[1648.]

I.

REACH with your whiter hands to me  
Some crystal of the spring,  
And I about the cup shall see  
Fresh lilies flourishing.

II.

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this—  
To th' glass your lips incline,  
And I shall see, by that one kiss,  
The water turned to wine!

ROBERT HERRICK.

*TO ELECTRA.*

[1648.]

I.

*I DARE not ask a kiss,  
I dare not beg a smile;  
Left, having that or this,  
I might grow proud the while.*

II.

*No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be,  
Only to kiss the air  
That lately kissed thee.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

SONG.

[1649?]

I.

*DEAR, do not your fair beauty wrong,  
In thinking still you are too young;  
The rose and lilies in your cheek  
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek.*

II.

*Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,  
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet;  
Then lose no time, for Love has wings,  
And flies away from aged things.*

THOMAS MAY

## THE RETREAT.

[1650.]

*HAPPY those early days, when I  
Shined in my angel-infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white, celestial thought:  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And looking back, at that short space,  
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;  
When on some gilded cloud, or flower,  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.  
O how I long to travel back  
And tread again that ancient track!  
That I might once more reach that plain,  
Where first I left my glorious train;  
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees  
That shady city of palm-trees.  
But ah, my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!*

*Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move,  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came return.*

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE SHOWER.

[1650?]

*WATERS above, eternal springs,  
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!  
O welcome, welcome to the sad!  
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad.  
Many fair evenings, many flowers  
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,  
Have I enjoyed; and down have run  
Many a fine and shining sun:  
But never, till this happy hour,  
Was blest with such an evening shower!*

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SONG.

[1650?]

*COME, ye young men, come along,  
With your music, dance, and song;  
Bring your lasses in your hands,  
For 'tis that which Love commands.*

*Then to the Maypole come away,  
For it is now a holiday.*

*It is the choice time of the year,  
For the violets now appear;  
Now the rose receives its birth,  
And pretty primrose decks the earth.*

*Then to the Maypole come away,  
For it is now a holiday.*

*Here each bachelor may choose  
One that will not faith abuse,  
Nor repay with cold disdain,  
Love that should be loved again.*

*Then to the Maypole come away,  
For it is now a holiday.*

*And when you well reckoned have,  
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,  
Take them all again, and more,  
It will never make them poor.*

*Then to the Maypole come away,  
For it is now a holiday.*

*When you thus have spent the time,  
Till the day be past its prime,  
To your beds repair at night,  
And dream there of your day's delight.*

*Then to the Maypole come away,  
For it is now a holiday.*

ROBERT COX.

THE EXEQUIES.

[1651.]

*DRAW near,  
You lovers that complain  
Of Fortune or Disdain,  
And to my ashes lend a tear;  
Melt the hard marble with your groans,  
And soften the relentless stones,  
Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide,  
Of all Love's cruelties, and Beauty's pride.*

*No verse,  
No epicedium bring,  
Nor peaceful requiem sing,  
To charm the terrors of my hearse;  
No profane numbers must flow near  
The sacred silence that dwells here.  
Vast griefs are dumb; softly, O, softly mourn,  
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.*

*Yet strew  
Upon my dismal grave  
Such offerings as you have,  
Forsaken cypress and sad yew;  
For kinder flowers can take no birth,  
Or growth, from such unhappy earth.  
Weep only o'er my dust, and say, Here lies  
To Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.*

THOMAS STANLEY.

*LOVE ONCE, LOVE EVER.*

[1651.]

*SHALL I, hopeless, then pursue  
A fair shadow that still flies me?  
Shall I still adore, and woo  
A proud heart that does despise me?  
I a constant love may so,  
But, alas! a fruitless show.*

*Shall I by the erring light  
Of two croffer stars still sail?  
That do shine, but shine in spite,  
Not to guide, but make me fail?  
I a wandering course may steer,  
But the harbour ne'er come near.*

*Whilst these thoughts my soul possess,  
Reason passion would o'ersway,  
Bidding me my flames suppress,  
Or divert some other way:  
But what reason would pursue,  
That my heart runs counter to.*

*So a pilot, bent to make  
Search for some unfound-out land,  
Does with him the magnet take,  
Sailing to the unknown strand:  
But that, steer which way he will,  
To the loved North points still.*

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

*SONG.*

[1652 ?]

*HE'S great that masters his own soul,  
As he whose nod shakes either Pole.  
Not he that kings in chains can bring,  
But that subdues himself's a king;  
That's ever in himself at home,  
And ne'er lets his queen, Reason, roam,  
On whom all passions waiting stand,  
As handmaids on their lady's hand.  
He o'er himself triumphing first,  
Dares Chance and Envy do their worst;  
And keeping still his own even height,  
Fall Fortune heavy, fall she light,  
He'll never make to th' standers by  
Too low a moan, or haughty cry;  
But wisely can her fawning flight,  
And then as bravely scorn her spite.  
Who can deny that such a one  
Poffesses all things, or wants none?  
And which o' th' two would you wish first,  
Still to have drink, or ne'er to thirst?*

ROBERT BARON.

— ♦ —  
*THE ANGLER'S WISH.*

[1653.]

I.

*I IN these flowery meads would be:  
These crystal streams should solace me;*

To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice:  
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

II.

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind  
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
And then, washed off by April showers:  
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;  
There, see a blackbird feed her young;

III.

Or a leverock build her nest;  
Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love:  
Thus free from law-suits, and the noise  
Of princes' courts, I could rejoice.

IV.

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,  
Loiter long days near Shawford brook:  
There sit by him, and eat my meat,  
There see the sun both rise and set:  
There bid good-morning to next day,  
There meditate my time away:  
And angle on, and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAK WALTON.

*A MINTOR'S WELL-A-DAY.*

[1653.]

*CHLORIS, now thou art fled away,  
Amintor's sheep are gone astray,  
And all the joy he took to see  
His pretty lambs run after thee,  
Is gone, is gone, and he alway  
Sings nothing now but well-a-day!*

*His oaten pipe, that in thy praise  
Was wont to sing such roundelay,  
Is thrown away, and not a swain  
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;  
'Tis death for any now to say  
One word to him but well-a-day!*

*The May-pole where thy little feet  
So roundly did in measures meet,  
Is broken down, and no content  
Comes near Amintor since you went.  
All that I ever heard him say,  
Was Chloris, Chloris, well-a-day!*

*Upon these banks you used to tread,  
He ever since hath lain his head,  
And whispered there such pining woe  
As not a blade of grass will grow.  
O Chloris, Chloris, come away,  
And hear Amintor's well-a-day!*

H. HUGHES.

TO *AMANDA*,

LEAVING HIM ALONE.

[1653.]

*WHAT business calls thee hence, and calls not me?*  
*My business ever is to wait on thee;*

*Therefore where'er you go,*

*I must go too;*

*Whate'er your business is,*

*Be it that, or this,*

*Yet still my business is to wait on you.*

*Nay, prithee, my dearest, why*

*So coy and shy?*

*Yes, yes, you'll come agen,*

*But, prithee, when?*

*Here must I mope alone,*

*Whilst you some other love,*

*Or, in your cabinet above,*

*Some letters doat upon,*

*Which teach you how to say me Nay.*

*But know, Amanda, if too long you stay,*

*My soul shall vanish into air,*

*And haunt and dodge thee everywhere.*

*'Tis fit when thou tak'st Heaven from me,*

*Thou take at least my soul with 'thee.*

N. HOOKES.

*S O N G.*

[1654.]

*SOLITUDE, of friends the best,  
And the best companion ;  
Mother of truths, and brought at least  
Every day to bed of one ;  
In this flowery mansion  
I contemplate how the rose  
Stands upon thorns, how quickly goes  
The dismaying jeffamine :  
Only the soul, which is divine,  
No decay of beauty knows.  
The World is Beauty's Mirror. Flowers,  
In their first virgin purity,  
Flatterers both of the nose and eye—  
To be cropped by paramours  
Is their best of destiny :  
And those nice darlings of the land,  
Which seemed heaven's painted bow to scorn,  
And bloomed the envy of the morn,  
Are the gay trophy of a hand.*

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW

*SONG.*

[1654.]

*STILL-BORN Silence, thou that art  
Floodgate of the deeper heart;  
Offspring of a heavenly kind;  
Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' mind;  
Secrecy's confident, and he  
That makes religion Mystery:  
Admiration's speaking'ſt tongue,—  
Leave thy desert shades, among  
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,  
Where retired'ſt Devotion dwells:  
With thy enthusiasms come;  
Seize this maid, and make her dumb.*

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

◆◆◆◆◆  
*ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.*

[1654.]

*I SAW fair Chloris walk alone,  
When feathered rain came softly down;  
Then Jove descended from his tower,  
To woo her in a silver shower.  
The wanton snow flew to her breast,  
Like little birds into their nest;  
But overcome with whiteness there,  
For grief it thawed into a tear:  
Then falling down her garment hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.*

WIT'S RECREATIONS.

*S O N G.*

[1657.]

I.

*TELL me no more how fair she is,  
I have no mind to hear  
The story of that distant bliss  
I never shall come near:  
By sad experience I have found  
That her perfection is my wound.*

II.

*And tell me not how fond I am  
To tempt a daring fate,  
From whence no triumph ever came,  
But to repent too late:  
There is some hope ere long I may  
In silence dote myself away.*

III.

*I ask no pity, love, from thee,  
Nor will thy justice blame,  
So that thou wilt not envy me  
The glory of my flame:  
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,  
In that it falls her sacrifice.*

HENRY KING, *Bishop of Chichester.*

*FAIRY SONG.*

[1658.]

*COME, follow, follow me,  
You, fairy elves that be,  
Which circle on the green,  
Come, follow Mab, your Queen.  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.*

*When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard, and unespied,  
Through keyholes we do glide;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.*

*And if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep:  
There we pinch their arms and thighs;  
None escapes, nor none espies.*

*But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid;  
For we use, before we go,  
To drop a tester in her shoe.*

*Upon a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread;  
A grain of rye or wheat  
Is manchet which we eat;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.*

*The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snails,  
Between two cockles stewed,  
Is meat that's easily chewed;  
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.*

*The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve us for our minstrelsy;  
Grace said, we dance awhile,  
And so the time beguile;  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.*

*On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk:  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.*

MYSTERIES OF LOVE AND ELOQUENCE.

*S O N G.*

[1660.]

*CUPID all his arts did prove  
To invite my heart to love;  
But I always did delay  
His mild summons to obey,  
Being deaf to all his charms.  
Straight the god assumes his arms:  
With his bow and quiver, he  
Takes the field to duel me.  
Armed like Achilles, I  
With my shield alone defy  
His bold challenge; as he cast  
His golden darts, I as fast  
Catched his arrows in my shield,  
Till I made him leave the field:  
Fretting and disarmed then,  
The angry god returns agen  
All his flames; instead of a dart,  
Throws himself into my heart:  
Useless I my shield require,  
When the fort is all on fire;  
I in vain the field did win,  
Now the enemy's within.  
Thus betrayed, at last I cry,  
Love, thou hast the victory.*

THOMAS FORD.

TO THE INCONSTANT CYNTHIA.

[1660.]

I.

TELL me once, dear, how it does prove  
That I so much forsworn could be?  
I never swore always to love,  
I only vowed still to love thee.

And art thou now what thou wert then,  
Unsworn unto by other men?

II.

In thy fair breast, and once-fair soul,  
I thought my vows were writ alone;  
But others' oaths so blurred the scroll,  
That I no more could read my own.

And am I still obliged to pay,  
When you had thrown the bond away?

III.

Nor must we only part in joy,  
Our tears as well must be unkind:  
Weep you, that could such truth destroy,  
And I that could such falseness find.

Thus we must unconcerned remain  
In our divided joys and pain.

Yet we may love, but on this different score,  
You, what I am, I, what you were before.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

*S O N G.*

[1661.]

I.

*COME, Somnus, with thy potent charms,  
And seize this captive in thy arms;  
And sweetly drop on every sense  
Thy soul-refreshing influence.  
His sight, smell, hearing, touch, and taste,  
Unto thy peace do thou bind fast.*

II.

*On working brains, at school all day,  
At night thou dost bestow a play;  
And troubled minds thou dost set free;  
Thou mak'st both friends and foes agree:  
All are alike, who live by breath,  
In thee, and in thy brother Death.*

PHILONAX LOVEKIN.

— ♦ —  
*S O N G.*

[1664.]

I.

*LADIES, though to your conquering eyes  
Love owes his chiefest victories,  
And borrows those bright arms from you  
With which he does the world subdue;  
Yet you yourselves are not above  
The empire nor the griefs of love.*

II.

*Then rack not lovers with disdain,  
Lest Love on you revenge their pain;  
You are not free because you're fair,  
The boy did not his mother spare;  
Though beauty be a killing dart,  
It is no armour for the heart.*

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

THE RESOLVE.

[1664.]

I.

*TELL me not of a face that's fair,  
Nor lip nor cheek that's red;  
Nor of the tresses of her hair,  
Nor curls in order laid:  
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,  
That like an angel sings:  
Though if I were to take my choice,  
I would have all these things.  
But if thou wilst have me love,  
And it must be a she,  
The only argument can move,  
Is, that she will love me.*

II.

*The glories of your ladies be  
But metaphors of things;  
And but resemble what we see  
Each common object brings.*

Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,  
Lilies their whiteness slain:  
What fool is he that shadows seeks,  
And may the substance gain?  
Then if thou'l have me love a lass,  
Let it be one that's kind;  
Else I'm a servant to the glass  
That's with Canary lined.

ALEXANDER BROME.

◆ ◆ ◆  
ON CLARE T.

[1664.]

WITHIN this bottle's to be seen  
A scarlet liquor, that has been  
Born of the royal Vine;  
We but nick-name it when we call  
It Gods' drink, who drink none at all—  
No higher name than Wine.

'Tis ladies' liquor: here one might  
Feast both his eye and appetite,  
With beauty and with taste;  
Cherries and roses, which you seek  
Upon your mistress' lip and cheek,  
Are here together placed.

Physicians may prescribe their whey,  
To purge our reins and brains away,  
And clarify the blood;

*That cures one sickness with another,  
This routs by wholesale altogether,  
And drowns them in a flood.*

*This poets makes, else how could I  
Thus ramble into poetry,  
Nay, and write sonnets too?  
If there's such power in junior wines,  
To make one venture upon lines,  
What could Canary do?*

*Then squeeze the vessel's bowels out,  
And deal it faithfully about,—  
Crown each hand with a brimmer:  
Since we're to pass through this Red Sea,  
Our noses shall our pilots be,  
And every soul a swimmer!*

ALEXANDER BROME.

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SONG.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

[1666?]

*PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifly girl,  
To purify the air:  
Thy tears to thread instead of pearl  
On bracelets of thy hair.*

*The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,  
And awakes the louder drum;  
Expense of grief gains no remorse,  
When sorrow should be dumb.*

For I must go where lazy Peace  
Will hide her drowsy head,  
And, for the sport of kings, increase  
The number of the dead!

But firſt I'll chide thy cruel theft.  
Can I in war delight,  
Who being of my heart bereft  
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'ſt the sacred laws of old  
Ordained a thief ſhould pay,  
To quit him of his theft, ſeven-fold  
What he had ſtoleñ away.

Thy payment ſhall but double be :  
O then with speed resign  
My own ſeduced heart to me,  
Accompanied with thine.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

— — —  
*SONG.*

[1666?]

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,  
And climbing shakes his dewy wings ;  
He takes this window for the East,  
And to implore your light he sings.  
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise  
Till ſhe can dress her beauty at your eyes.

*The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,  
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;  
But still the lover wonders what they are,  
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.  
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,  
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.*

S.R WILLIAM DAVENANT.

TO CHLORIS.

[1670?]

*FAREWELL, my sweet, until I come,  
Improved in merit, for thy sake,  
With characters of honour home,  
Such as thou canst not then but take.*

*To loyalty my love must bow,  
My honour too calls to the field,  
Where, for a lady's bush, I now  
Must keen and sturdy iron wield.*

*Yet, when I rush into those arms,  
Where death and danger do combine,  
I shall less subject be to harms,  
Than to those killing eyes of thine.*

*Since I could live in thy disdain,  
Thou art so far become my Fate,  
That I by nothing can be slain,  
Until thy sentence speaks my date.*

*But if I seem to fall in war,  
    T' excuse the murder you commit,  
Be to my memory just, so far  
    As in thy heart t' acknowledge it.*

*That's all I ask; which thou must give  
    To him, that, dying, takes a pride  
It is for thee, and would not live,  
    Sole Prince of all the world beside.*

CHARLES COTTON.

SONG.

[1670?]

I.

*PHILLIS, men say that all my vows  
    Are to thy fortune paid;  
Alas! my heart he little knows  
    Who thinks my love a trade.*

II.

*Were I of all these woods the lord,  
    One berry from thy hand  
More real pleasure would afford  
    Than all my large command.*

III.

*My humble love has learned to live  
    On what the nicest maid,  
Without a conscious blush, may give  
    Beneath the myrtle-shade.*

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

*SONG.*

[1670?]

*Not, Celia, that I juyter am,  
Or better than the rest,  
For I woulde change each hour like them,  
Were not my heart at rest.*

*But I am tied to very thee,  
By every thought I have;  
Thy face I only care to see,  
Thy heart I only crave.*

*All that in woman is adored  
In thy dear self I find;  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome, and the kind.*

*Why then should I seek farther store,  
And still make love anew?  
When change itself can give no more,  
'Tis easy to be true.*

SIR CHARLE SEDLEY.



*OUT OF LYCOPHRON.*

[1670?]

*WHAT shall become of Man so wise,  
When he dies?  
None can tell  
Whether he goes to Heaven or Hell:*

Or, after a few moments dear,  
He disappear,  
And at last  
Perish entirely like a beast.  
But women, wine, and mirth, we know,  
Are all the joys he has below;  
Then let us ply those joys we have,  
Tis vain to think beyond the grave.  
Out of our reach the gods have laid  
Of time to come the event,  
And laugh to see the fools afraid  
Of what the knaves invent.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SONG.

[1671.]

I.

COME, Chloris, hie we to the bower,  
To sport us ere the day be done:  
Such is thy power that every flower  
Will ope to thee as to the sun.

II.

And if a flower but chance to die  
With my sighs' blast, or mine eyes' rain,  
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,  
And with thy breath make sweet again.

*The wanton suckling, and the vine,  
Will strive for th' honour, who first may  
With their green arms encircle thine,  
To keep the burning sun away.*

THE ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS.



LOVE'S BRAVO.

[1674.]

*WHY should we murmur, why repine,  
Phyllis, at thy fate, or mine?  
Like prisoners, why do we these fetters shake,  
Which neither thou, nor I, can break?  
There is a better way to baffle Fate,  
If mortals would but mind it,  
And 'tis not hard to find it:  
Who would be happy, must be desperate.  
He must despise those stars that fright  
Only fools that dread the night;  
Time and Chance he must out-brave;  
He that crouches is their slave.  
Thus the wise Pagans, ill at ease,  
Bravely chastised their surly Deities.*

THOMAS FLATMAN.

*SONG.*

[1675.]

*CUPID, I scorn to beg the art  
From thy imaginary throne,  
To learn to wound another's heart,  
Or how to heal my own.*

*If she be coy, my airy mind  
Brooks not a siege; if she be kind,  
She proves my scorn that was my wonder;  
For towns that yield I hate to plunder.*

*Love is a game; hearts are the prize;  
Pride keeps the stakes, art throws the dice;  
When either's won,  
The game is done.*

*Love is a coward, hunts the flying prey,  
But when it once stands still, Love runs away.*

SIR FRANCIS FANE.

*UNCERTAIN LOVE.*

[1676.]

*THE labouring man that plants and sows,  
His certain times of profit knows;  
Seamen the roughest tempest scorn,  
Hoping at last a rich return.  
But my too much loved Celia's mind  
Is more inconstant and unkind  
Than stormy weather, sea, or wind.*

*Now with assured hope raised high,  
I think no man so bleſt as I;  
Hope, that a dying saint may own,  
To see and hear her speak alone.  
What if I snatch one kiss, or more?  
Where Heaven gives a wealthy store,  
'Tis to be bounteouſ to the poor.*

*But ere my ſwifteſt thought can thence  
Convey a bleſſing to my ſenſe,  
My hope like fairy treaſure's gone,  
Although I never made it known.  
From all untruthe my heart is clean,  
No other love can enter in;  
Yet Celia's ne'er will come agen.*

THOMAS DUFFETT.

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THE MOWER TO THE GLOW WORMS.

[1677?]

*Ye living lamps, by whose dear light  
The nightingale does ſit ſo late,  
And ſtudying all the ſummer night,  
Her matchleſs ſongs does meditate;*

*Ye country comets, that portend  
No war nor prince's funeral,  
Shining unto no other end  
Than to preſage the grass's fall;*

*Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame  
To wandering mowers shows the way,  
That in the night have lost their aim,  
And after foolish fires do stray:*

*Your courteous lights in vain ye waste,  
Since Juliana here is come;  
For she my mind hath so displaced,  
That I shall never find my home.*

ANDREW MARVELL.



#### LOVE AND LIFE.

[1678?]

*ALL my past life is mine no more,  
The flying hours are gone;  
Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store  
By Memory alone.*

*The time that is to come is not,  
How can it then be mine?  
The present moment's all my lot;  
And that, as fast as it is got,  
Phyllis, is only thine.*

*Then talk not of inconstancy,  
False hearts, and broken vows;  
If I, by miracle, can be  
This livelong minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that Heaven allows.*

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester.

*S O N G.*

[1680?]

*FROM all uneasy passions free,  
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,  
Contented I had been too bleſt,  
If Love and you had let me refl.  
Yet that dull life I now despise;  
Safe from your eyes  
I feared no grief's, but then I found no joys.*

*Amidſt a thousand kind desires,  
Whick beauty moves and love inspires,  
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,  
No heart so soft as mine can bear.  
Yet I'll defy the worſt of harms;  
Such are your charms,  
Tis worth a life to die within your arms.*

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckingham.

*S O N G.*

[1696.]

*CELIA is cruel; Sylvia, thou,  
I muſt confess, art kind;  
But in her cruelty, I vow,  
I more repose can find.  
For O, thy fancy at all games does fly,  
Fond of address, and willing to comply.*

*Thus he that loves must be undone,  
Each way on rocks we fall;  
Either you will be kind to none,  
Or, worse, be kind to all.  
Vain are our hopes, and endless is our care:  
We must be jealous, or we must despair.*

ROBERT GOULD.

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*AN INCANTATION.*

[1696.]

I.

*CHOOSE the darkest part o' th' grove,  
Such as ghosts at noonday love.  
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh  
Where the bones of Laius lie;  
Altars raised of turf, or stone,  
Will the infernal powers have none.  
Answer me, if this be done?  
'Tis done.*

II.

*Is the sacrifice made fit?  
Draw her backward to the pit:  
Draw the barren heifer back:  
Barren let her be, and black.  
Cut the curled hair that grows  
Full betwixt her horns and brows:  
And turn your faces from the sun.  
Answer me, if this be done?  
'Tis done.*

*Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,  
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:  
Mingle milk into the stream;  
Feast the ghosts that love the steam:  
Snatch a brand from funeral pile:  
Toss it in, to make them boil;  
And turn your faces from the sun.  
Answer me, if this be done?*

*'Tis done.*

JOHN DRYDEN.



### *ODE ON SOLITUDE.*

[1702.]

*HAPPY the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound;  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.*

*Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire:  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.*

*Blessed who can unconcernedly find  
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day;*

*Sound sleep by night ; study and ease  
Together mixed ; sweet recreation :  
And innocence, which most does please,  
With meditation.*

*Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
Thus unlamented let me die :  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Mark where I lie.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

◆

S O N G.

[1706.]

*IF wine and music have the power  
To ease the sickness of the soul,  
Let Phœbus every string explore,  
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.  
Let them their friendly aid employ,  
To make my Chloe's absence light ;  
And seek for pleasure, to destroy  
The sorrows of this livelong night.*

*But she to-morrow will return ;  
Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;  
Thy myrtles throw, thy odours burn,  
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.  
Kind goddess, to no other powers  
Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;  
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,  
And all the day be thine alone.*

MATHEW PRIOR.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

[1747.]

To fair Fidele's graffy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earlieſt bloom,  
And rife all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear,  
To vex with ſhrieks this hallowed grove;  
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,  
And melting virgins ovn their love.

No withered witch ſhall here be ſeen;  
No goblins lead their nightly crew:  
The female fays ſhall haunt the green;  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;  
Or, midſt the chase, on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell;

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore;  
For thee the tear be duly ſhed; .  
Beloved till life can charm no more,  
And mourned till Pity's ſelf be dead!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

### *A BACCHANALIAN*

[1769?]

*What is war and all its joys?  
Useless mischief, empty noise.  
What are arms and trophies won?  
Spangles glittering in the sun.  
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,  
Happiness is only thine!*

*What is love without the bowl?  
'Tis a languor of the soul:  
Crowned with ivy, Venus charms,  
Ivy courts me to her arms.  
Bacchus, give me love and wine,  
Happiness is only thine!*

THOMAS CHATTERTON.



### *A RED, RED ROSE.*

[1794.]

*O my luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my luve's like the melody,  
That's sweetly played in tune.*

*As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.*

*Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,  
I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.*

*And fare thee weel, my only luve,  
And fare thee weel awhile;  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile!*

ROBERT BURNS.

— — —  
*SONG.*

[1797.]

*HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
Left a blacker charm compel!  
So shall the midnight breezes swell  
With thy deep long-lingered knell.*

*And at evening evermore,  
In a chapel on the shore,  
Shall the chanter, sad and saintly,  
Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
Doleful masses chant for thee,  
Miserere Domine!*

*Hark! the cadence dies away  
On the quiet moonlight sea:  
The boatmen rest their oars and say,  
Miserere Domine!*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

CHORAL SONG.

[1817.]

*Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!  
To the meadows trip away.  
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,  
And scare the small birds from the corn.  
Not a soul at home may stay:  
For the shepherds must go  
With lance and bow  
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.*

*Leave the hearth and leave the house  
To the cricket and the mouse:  
Find grannam out a sunny seat,  
With babe and lambkin at her feet.  
Not a soul at home may stay:  
For the shepherds must go  
With lance and bow  
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

◆  
SONG.

[1806?]

*THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,  
My soul hath e'er forgot;  
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,  
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,  
Which I remember not.*

*There never yet a murmur fell  
From that beguiling tongue,  
Which did not, with a lingering swell,  
Upon my charmed senses dwell,  
Like songs from Eden sung.*

*Ah, that I could, at once, forget  
All, all that haunts me so;  
And yet, thou witching girl, and yet,  
To die were sweeter than to let  
Thy loved remembrance go.*

*No; if this flighted heart must see  
Its faithful pulse decay,  
O let it die, remembering thee,  
And, like the burnt aroma, be  
Consumed in sweets away!*

THOMAS MOORE.

[1806.]

*O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art  
A creature of a "fiery heart:"  
These notes of thine, they pierce and pierce:  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!  
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine  
Had helped thee to a Valentine;  
A song in mockery and despite  
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;  
And steady bliss, and all the loves  
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.*

*I heard a Stock-dove sing or say  
His homely tale, this very day;  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze:  
He did not cease; but cooed, and cooed;  
And somewhat pensively he wooed:  
He sang of love, with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending;  
Of serious faith, and inward glee;  
That was the song,—the song for me!*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

[1811.]

*Too late I stayed—forgive the crime,  
Unheeded flew the hours;  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,  
That only treads on flowers!*

*What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of his glass,  
When all its sands are diamond-sparks,  
That dazzle as they pass?*

*Ah, who to sober measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for his wings?*

HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

S O N G

[1814.]

*YOUNG men will love thee more fair and more fast;  
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?  
Old men's love the longest will last,  
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

*The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;  
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?  
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,  
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

*The young man will brawl at the evening board;  
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?  
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,  
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

— ♦ —

[1815.]

*WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,  
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?  
From the body pass away;  
Hark! the mass is singing.*

*From thee doff thy mortal weed,  
Mary Mother be thy speed,  
Saints to help thee at thy need;  
Hark! the knell is ringing.*

*Fear not snow-drift driving fast,  
Sweet, or hail, or levin blast;  
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,  
And the sleep be on thee cast  
That shall ne'er know wakening.*

*Hastle thee, hastle thee, to be gone,  
Earth flits fast, and time draws on;  
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,  
Day is near the breaking.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

— — — ♦ — — —  
*SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.*

[1814.]

I.

*SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.*

II.

*One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace,  
Which waves in every raven tress  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
When thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place!*

*And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent!*

LORD BYRON.

SONG.

[1817.]

*THINK not of it, sweet one, so,  
 Give it not a tear;  
 Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go  
 Any—anywhere.*

*Do not look so sad, sweet one,  
 Sad and fadingly;  
 Shed one drop (and only one),  
 O, 'twas born to die!*

*Still so pale? then, dearest, weep,  
 Weep,—I'll count the tears;  
 For each I will invent a bliss  
 For thee in after years.*

*Brighter has it left thine eyes  
 Than a sunny rill;  
 And thy whispering melodies  
 Are more tender still.*

*Yet, as all things mourn awhile  
At fleeting blisses,  
Let us too ; but be our dirge  
A dirge of kisses.*

JOHN KEATS.

---

A FRAGMENT.

[1818.]

*HENCE Burgundy, Claret, and Port,  
Away with old Hock and Madeira ;  
Too earthly are ye for my sport ;  
Here's a beverage brighter and clearer.  
Instead of a pitiful rummer,  
My wine overbrims a whole Summer :  
My bowl is the sky,  
And I drink at my eye,  
Till I feel in the brain  
A Delphian pain,  
Then follow, my Caius, then follow ;  
On the green of the hill  
We will drink our fill  
Of golden sunshine  
Till our brains intertwine  
With the glory and grace of Apollo !*

JOHN KEATS.

## SONG

[1819.]

*FALSE friend, wilt thou smile, or weep,  
When my life is laid asleep?  
Little cares for a smile or a tear  
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier;  
Farewell! Heigh ho!  
What is this whispers low?  
There is a snake in thy smile, my dear,  
And bitter poison within thy tear.*

*Sweet Sleep! were death like to thee,  
Or if thou couldst mortal be,  
I would close these eyes of pain;  
When to wake? Never again.*

*O World! farewell!  
Listen to the passing-bell!  
It says, thou and I must part,  
With a light and a heavy heart.*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

[1820.]

### I.

*THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion:*

*Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine?*

II.

*See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another ;  
No sister flower would be forgiven,  
If it disdained its brother :  
*And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me ?**

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

S O N G .

[1821.]

*RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight !  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night ?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou art fled away.*

*How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again ?  
With the joyous and the free  
Thou wilt scoff at pain.*

*Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.*

*As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.*

*Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure;  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure:  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.*

*I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight!  
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,  
And the starry night;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.*

*I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
Every thing almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.*

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good;  
Between thee and me  
What difference? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
And like light can flee;  
But, above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee:  
Thou art love and life! O come,  
Make once more my heart thy home.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

◆  
SONG TO MAY.

[1820?]

MAY! Queen of blossoms,  
And fulfilling flowers,  
With what pretty music  
Shall we charm the hours?  
Wilt thou have pipe and reed  
Blown in the open mead?  
Or to the lute give heed  
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,  
Or pipe or wire,  
That hast the golden bee  
Ripened with fire:

*And many thousand more  
Songsters, that thee adore,  
Filling Earth's grassy floor  
With new desire.*

*Thou hast thy mighty herds,  
Tame, and free li-vers;  
Doubt not, thy music too  
In the deep rivers:  
And the whole plamy flight  
Warbling the day and night—  
Up at the gates of light,  
See, the lark quivers!*

*When with the jacinth  
Coy fountains are tress'd;  
And for the mournful bird\*  
Green-woods are dress'd,  
That did for Tereus pine;  
Then shall our songs be thine,  
To whom our hearts incline:  
May, be thou blessed!*

LORD THURLOW.



### *SONG TO THE EVENING STAR.*

[1822.]

I.

*STAR that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary labourer free!  
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,  
That send'st it from above,*

*Appearing when Heaven's breath and brou  
Are sweet as hers we love.*

II.

*Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
Curls yellow in the sun.*

III.

*Star of love's soft interviews,  
Parted lovers on thee muse;  
Their remembrancer in Heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.*

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG.

[1825.]

I.

*THE swallow leaves her nest,  
The soul my weary breast;  
But therefore let the rain  
On my grave  
Fall pure; for why complain?  
Since both will come again  
O'er the wave.*

*The wind dead leaves and snow  
Doth hurry to and fro;  
And, once, a day shall break  
O'er the wave,  
When a storm of ghosts shall shake  
The dead, until they wake  
In the grave.*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

*D I R G E.*

[1825.]

*If thou wilst ease thy heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep;  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.*

*But wilst thou cure thy heart  
Of love and all its smart?  
Then die, dear, die;  
'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'l meet her  
In eastern sky.*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

A SONG.

[1825.]

*A cypress-bough, and a rose-wreath sweet,  
A wedding-robe, and a winding-sheet,  
A bridal-bed and a bier.*

*Thine be the kisses, maid,  
And smiling Love's alarms;  
And thou, pale youth, be laid  
In the grave's cold arms.  
Each in his own charms,*

*Death and Hymen both are here;  
So up with scythe and torch,  
And to the old church porch,  
While all the bells ring clear:  
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,  
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.*

*Now tremble dimples on your cheek,  
Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,*

*For he who kisses is near:  
By her the bride-god fair,  
In youthful power and force;  
By him the grizard bare,  
Pale knight on a pale horse,  
To woo him to a corpse.*

*Death and Hymen both are here;  
So up with scythe and torch,  
And to the old church porch,  
While all the bells ring clear:  
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,  
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

B A L L A D.

[1826?]

*SPRING* it is cheery,  
*Winter* is dreary,  
*Green leaves* hang, but the *brown* must fly;  
*When he's forsaken,*  
*Withered and shaken,*  
*What can an old man do but die?*

*Love* will not clip him,  
*Maids* will not lip him,  
*Maud* and *Marian* pass him by;  
*Youth* it is sunny,  
*Age* has no honey:  
*What can an old man do but die?*

*June* it was jolly,  
*O* for its folly!  
*A dancing leg* and *a laughing eye*;  
*Youth* may be silly,  
*Wisdom* is chilly:  
*What can an old man do but die?*

*Friends* they are scanty,  
*Beggars* are plenty,  
*If he has followers*, I know why;  
*Gold's* in his clutches,  
*(Buying him crutches!)*  
*What can an old man do but die?*

THOMAS HOOD.

BALLAD.

[1826?]

*IT was not in the winter  
Our loving lot was cast:  
It was the time of roses—  
We plucked them as we passed!*

*That churlish season never frowned  
On early lovers yet:  
O, no—the world was newly crowned  
With flowers when we met.*

*'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,  
But still you held me fast;  
It was the time of roses—  
We plucked them as we passed!*

THOMAS HOOD.



NEPHON'S SONG.

[1827.]

*LADY and gentlemen fays, come buy!  
No peddler has such a rich packet as I.*

*Who wants a gown  
Of purple fold,  
Embroidered down  
The seams with gold?  
See here!—a Tulip richly laced  
To please a royal fairy's taste!*

*Who wants a cap  
Of crimson grand?  
By great good hap  
I've one on hand:  
Look, sir!—a Cock's-comb, flowering red,  
'Tis just the thing, sir, for your head!*

*Who wants a frock  
Of vestal hue?  
Or snowy smock?  
Fair maid, do you?  
O me!—a Lady smock so white!  
Your bosom's self is not more bright!*

*Who wants to sport  
A slender limb?  
I've every sort  
Of hose for him:  
Both scarlet, striped, and yellow ones:  
The Woodbine makes such pantaloons!*

*Who wants—(husb! husb!)  
A box of paint?  
'Twill give a blush,  
Yet leave no taint:  
This Rose with natural rouge is filled,  
From its own dewy leaves distilled.*

*Then lady and gentlemen fays, come buy!  
You never will meet such a merchant as I.*

GEORGE DARLEY.

*A SERENADE.*

[1827.]

I.

*AWAKE* thee, my *Lady-love*!  
*Wake* thee, and *rise*!  
*The sun* through the *bower* *peeps*  
*Into* thine *eyes*!

II.

*Behold* how the *early lark*  
*Springs* from the *corn*!  
*Hark, hark* how the *flower-bird*  
*Winds* her *wee horn*!

III.

*The swallow's* glad *shriek* is heard  
*All* through the *air*!  
*The flock-dove* is *murmuring*  
*Loud* as *she dare*!

IV.

*Apollo's* winged *bugleman*  
*Cannot* contain,  
*But* *peals* his *loud trumpet-call*  
*Once* and *again*!

V.

*Then* *wake* thee, my *Lady-love*!  
*Bird* of my *bower*!  
*The sweetest* and *sleepiest*  
*Bird* at this *hour*!

GEORGE DARLEY.

[1830?]

I.

*SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty flumbers,  
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;  
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers  
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air?*

II.

*Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,  
To wind round the willow-banks that lure him from above;  
O that, in tears from my rocky prison streaming,  
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!*

III.

*Ah, when the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,  
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,  
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,  
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!*

IV.

*Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever bearest,  
Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me;  
Come! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,  
Bleeds with its death-wound—but deeper yet for thee!*

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

[1827.]

*A steed! a steed of matchleſſe speede!*

*A ſword of metal keene!*

*All else to noble heartes is droffe,*

*All else on earth is meane.*

*The neighyng of the war-horſe proude,*

*The rozeleinge of the drum,*

*The clangour of the trumpet lowde,*

*Be ſoundes from heaven that come.*

*And, O! the thundering preſſe of knightes,*

*Whenas their war-cryes ſwelle,*

*May tolē from heaven an angel bright,*

*And rowſe a fiend from hell.*

*Then mounte! then mounte, brave Gallants all,*

*And don your helmes amaine;*

*Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call*

*Us to the field againe.*

*No ſhrewiſh tears ſhal fill our eye,*

*When the ſword-hilt's in our hand;*

*Heart-whole we'll parte, and no whit ſighe*

*For the fayref of the land.*

*Let piping ſwaine, and craven wight,*

*Thus weepe and puling crye;*

*Our buſineſſe is like men to fighte,*

*And, like to Heroes, die!*

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

SONG.

[1833.]

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
As many maidens be;  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me:  
O, then I saw her eye was bright,  
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply;  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye:  
Her very frowns are better far  
Than smiles of other maidens are!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

◆  
SONG.

[1834.]

Down lay in a nook my lady's brach,  
And said, My feet are sore,  
I cannot follow with the pack  
A-hunting of the boar.

And though the horn sounds never so clear,  
With the hounds in loud uproar,  
Yet I must stop and lie down here,  
Because my feet are sore.

*The huntsman when he heard the same,  
What answer did he give?  
The dog that's lame is much to blame,  
He is not fit to live.*

HENRY TAYLOR.

THE BLACKBIRD.

[1835.]

MORNING.

*GOLDEN bill! Golden bill!  
Lo, the peep of day;  
All the air is cool and still,  
From the elm-tree on the hill  
Chant away:  
While the moon drops down the west,  
Like thy mate upon her nest,  
And the stars before the sun,  
Melt like snow-flakes, one by one:  
Let thy loud and welcome lay  
Pour along  
Few notes but strong.*

EVENING.

*Jet-bright wing! Jet-bright wing!  
Flit across the sunset glade;  
Lying there in wait to sing,  
Listen with thy head awry,  
Keeping time with twinkling eye,  
While from all the woodland shade*

*Birds of every plume and note  
Strain the throat,  
Till both hill and valley ring,  
And the warbled minstrelsy,  
Ebbing, flowing like the sea,  
Claims brief interludes from thee:  
Then, with simple swell and fall,  
Breaking beautiful through all,  
Let thy Pan-like pipe repeat  
Few notes but sweet.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



#### *A PHANTASY.*

[1836.]

*FEED her with the leaves of Love,  
(Love, the rose, that blossoms here!)  
Music, gently round her move!  
Bind her to the cypress near!  
Weave her round and round,  
With skeins of silken sound!  
'Tis a little stricken deer,  
Who doth from the hunter fly,  
And comes here to droop,—to die,  
Ignorant of her wound!*

*Soothe her with sad stories,  
O poet, till she sleep!  
Dreams, come forth with all your glories!  
Night, breathe soft and deep!*

*Music, round her creep!  
If she steal away to weep,  
Seek her out,—and, when you find her,  
Gentle, gentlest Music, wind her  
Round and round,  
Round and round,  
With your bands of softest sound:  
Such as we, at nightfall, hear  
In the wizard forest near,  
When the charmed Maiden sings  
At the wizard springs!*

## BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

## THE FAREWELL OF THE SOLDIER.

[1836.]

*I love thee, I love thee,  
Far better than wine;  
But the curse is above me,—  
Thou'lt never be mine!*

*As the blade wears the scabbard,  
The billow the shore,  
So sorrow doth fret me  
For evermore.*

*Fair beauty, I leave thee,  
To conquer my heart:  
I'll see thee, I'll bless thee,  
And then—depart.*

*Let me take, ere I vanish,  
One look of thine eyes,—  
One smile for remembrance,  
For life soon flies!*

*And now for the fortune  
That hangeth above;  
To bury, in battle,  
My dream of love!*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

---

A BRIDAL DIRGE.

[1836.]

*WEAVE no more the marriage chain!  
All unmated is the lover;  
Death has ta'en the place of Pain;  
Love doth call on Love in vain:  
Life and years of hope are over!*

*No more want of marriage bell!  
No more need of bridal favour!  
Where is she to wear them well?  
You, beside the lover, tell!  
Gone—with all the love he gave her!*

*Paler than the stone she lies,  
Colder than the winter's morning!  
Wherfore did she thus despise  
(She with pity in her eyes)  
Mother's care, and lover's warning?*

*Youth and beauty,—shall they not  
Last beyond a brief to-morrow?  
No: a prayer, and then forgot!  
This the truest lover's lot;  
This the sum of human sorrow!*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

[1836.]

I.

*SING!—Who sings  
To her who weareth a hundred rings?  
Ah, who is this lady fine?  
The Vine, boys, the Vine!  
The mother of mighty Wine.  
A roamer is she  
O'er wall and tree,  
And sometimes very good company.*

II.

*Drink!—Who drinks  
To her who blushest and never thinks?  
Ah, who is this maid of thine?  
The Grape, boys, the Grape!  
O, never let her escape  
Until she be turned to Wine!  
For better is she  
Than Vine can be,  
And very, very good company!*

III.

*Dream!—Who dreams  
Of the God that governs a thousand streams?  
Ah, who is this Spirit fine?  
'Tis Wine, boys, 'tis Wine!  
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.  
O, better is he  
Than grape or tree,  
And the best of all good company!*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

---

SONG.

[1841.]

I.

*You'll love me yet! and I can tarry  
Your love's protracted growing:  
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry  
From seeds of April's sowing.*

II.

*I plant a heartful now—some seed  
At least is sure to strike  
And yield—what you'll not pluck, indeed,  
Not love, but, may be, like!*

III.

*You'll look at least on Love's remains,  
A grave's one violet:  
Your look? that pays a thousand pains.  
What's death?—you'll love me yet!*

ROBERT BROWNING.

*SONG.*

[1841.]

*THE year's at the Spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled:  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!*

ROBERT BROWNING.

—♦—  
*SONG.*

[1842.]

*THE Moth's kiss, first!  
Kiss me as if you made believe.  
You were not sure, this eve,  
How my face, your flower, had pursed  
Its petals up; so, here and there  
You brush it, till I grow aware  
Who wants me, and wide open burst.*

*The Bee's kiss, now!  
Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noonday,  
A bud that dares not disallow  
The claim, so all is rendered up,  
And passively its shattered cup  
Over your head to sleep I bore.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE LOST MISTRESS.

[1845.]

*All's over, then—does truth sound bitter,  
As one at first believes?*

*Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter  
About your cottage eaves!*

*And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,  
I noticed that to-day;  
One day more bursts them open fully  
—You know the red turns gray.*

*To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest?  
May I take your hand in mine?*

*Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest  
Keep much that I'll resign:*

*For each glance of that eye so bright and black,  
Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—  
Your voice, when you wish the snow-drops back,  
Though it stays in my soul forever!*

ROBERT BROWNING.

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## ROND EAU.

[1844.]

*JENNY kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in:*

*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me.*

LEIGH HUNT.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

[1844.]

*T'OTHER day, as I was twining  
Roses, for a crown to dine in,  
What, of all things, midst the heap  
Should I light on, fast asleep,  
But the little desperate elf,  
The tiny traitor, Love himself!  
By the wings I pinched him up  
Like a bee, and in a cup  
Of my wine I plunged and sank him,  
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him.  
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!  
There he lives with tenfold glee;  
And now this moment with his wings  
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.*

LEIGH HUNT.

SONG.

[1846.]

*ONE year ago my path was green,  
My footstep light, my brow serene;  
Alas! and could it have been so  
One year ago?*

*There is a love that is to last  
When the hot days of youth are past:  
Such love did a sweet maid bestow  
One year ago.*

*I took a leaflet from her braid  
And gave it to another maid.  
Love! broken should have been thy bower  
One year ago.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
*SONG.*

[1846.]

*I LOVE to hear that men are bound  
By your enchanting links of sound:  
I love to hear that none rebel  
Against your beauty's silent spell.  
I know not whether I may bear  
To see it all, as well as hear;  
And never shall I clearly know  
Unless you nod and tell me so.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
*SONG.*

[1846.]

*LITTLE it interests me how  
Some insolent usurper now  
Divides your narrow chair;*

*Little heed I whose hand is placed  
(No, nor how far) around your waist,  
Or paddles in your hair.*

*A time, a time there may have been  
(Ah! and there was) when every scene  
Was brightened by your eyes.  
And dare you ask what you have done?  
My answer, take it, is but one—  
The weak have taught the wise.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

— ♦ —

S O N G.

[1846.]

*OFTEN have I heard it said  
That her lips are ruby-red.  
Little heed I what they say,  
I have seen as red as they.  
Ere she smiled on other men,  
Real rubies were they then.*

*When she kissed me once in play,  
Rubies were less bright than they,  
And less bright were those which shone  
In the palace of the Sun.  
Will they be as bright again?  
Not if kissed by other men.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

[1846.]

I.

*Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,  
That never has known the barber's shear,  
All your wish is woman to win,  
This is the way that boys begin,—  
Wait till you come to Forty Year.*

II.

*Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—  
Wait till you come to Forty Year!*

III.

*Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—  
Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to Forty Year.*

IV.

*Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,  
All good fellows whose beards are gray,  
Did not the fairest of the fair  
Common grow and wearisome ere  
Ever a month was past away?*

## v.

*The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
 May pray and whisper, and we not list,  
 Or look away, and never be missed,  
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.*

## vi.

*Gillian's dead, GOD rest her bier;  
 How I loved her twenty years syne!  
 Marian's married, but I sit here  
 Alone and merry at Forty Year,  
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

◆  
SONG.

[1846.]

*O, THAT we two were Maying  
 Down the stream of the soft Spring breeze;  
 Like children with violets playing  
 In the shade of the whispering trees.*

*O, that we two sat dreaming  
 On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,  
 Watching the white mist steaming  
 Over river and mead and town.*

*O, that we two lay sleeping  
 In our nest in the churchyard sod,  
 With our limbs at rest on the quiet Earth's breast,  
 And our souls at home with GOD!*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

*SONG.*

[1856.]

*The world goes up, and the world goes down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain:  
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown  
Can never come over again,  
Sweet wife,  
No, never come over again.*

*For woman is warm though man be cold,  
And the night will hallow the day;  
Till the heart which at even was weary and old,  
Can rise in the morning gay,  
Sweet wife,  
To its work in the morning gay.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

—♦—  
—♦—

[1848 ?]

*Thy voice is heard through rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands:  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee;  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[1848?]

*As through the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.*

*For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[1848?]

*SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me:  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.*

*Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;*

*Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west .*

*Under the silver moon:*

*Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

— — —  
[1850?]

*COME not when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,  
To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldest not save.  
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry,  
But thou, go by.*

*Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,  
I care no longer, being all unblest:  
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,  
And I desire to rest.  
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:  
Go by, go by.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

— — —

### T H E S E N T E N C E S.

[1856.]

*THAIS, my heart's no match for thine:  
Waste not thy warmth on me; but go  
Seek out some chillier spirit; mine  
Asks not another fire, but snow.*

*The lack of lovely pride in her  
Who strives to please, my pleasure numbs;  
And still the maid I most prefer  
Whose care to please with pleasing comes.*

COVENTRY PATMORE.

— ♦ —  
THE REVELATION.

[1856.]

*An idle Poet, here and there,  
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,  
The world, unfathomably fair,  
Is duller than a witling's jest.  
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;  
They lift their heavy lids, and look;  
And lo, what one sweet page can teach  
They read with joy, then shut the book:  
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,  
And most forget; but, either way,  
That and the Child's unheeded dream  
Is all the light of all their day.*

COVENTRY PATMORE.

# *INDEX OF WRITERS*

*AND*

## *PUBLICATIONS.*

AYTON, SIR ROBERT .....	1570-1638
BARNEFIELD, RICHARD .....	1574-16—
BARON, ROBERT .....	1630-16—
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS .....	1586-1616
BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL.....	1803-1849
BRETON, NICHOLAS .....	1555-1624
BROME, ALEXANDER.....	1620-1666
BROWNE, WILLIAM.....	1590-1645
BROWNING, ROBERT .....	1812-
BUCKINGHAM, JOHN SHEFFIELD, <i>Duke of</i> .....	1645-1720
BURNS, ROBERT .....	1759-1796
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON NOEL .....	1788-1824
CAMPBELL, THOMAS .....	1777-1844
CAMPION, THOMAS .....	1575? -16-
CAREW, THOMAS.....	1589-1639
CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM.....	1611-1643
CHATTERTON, THOMAS.....	1752-1770
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY .....	1796-1849
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR .....	1772-1834
COLLINS, WILLIAM.....	1720-1759
CONSTABLE, HENRY .....	1568?-1604?
COTTON, CHARLES .....	1630-1687

COWLEY, ABRAHAM .....	1618-1667
COX, ROBERT .....	17th Century
CRAHAW, RICHARD .....	1615?-1650?
DANIEL, SAMUEL .....	1562-1619
DARLEY, GEORGE.....	1785-1849
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM.....	1605-1668
DAVIES, SIR JOHN .....	1570-1626
DEKKER, THOMAS.....	15—1639?
DENHAM, SIR JOHN .....	1615-1668
DIGGES, LEONARD.....	1588-1635
DONNE, JOHN.....	1573-1631
DRAYTON, MICHAEL.....	1563-1631
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM .....	1585-1649
DRYDEN, JOHN .....	1631-1700
DUFFETT, THOMAS.....	17th Century
ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE .....	1636?-1694?
FANE, SIR FRANCIS.....	17th Century
FANSHAW, SIR RICHARD.....	1607-1666
FIELD, NATHANIEL.....	15—1638?
FLATMAN, THOMAS.....	1633?-1668
FLECKNOE, RICHARD.....	17th Century
FLETCHER, GILES .....	1588?-1623
FLETCHER, JOHN .....	1576-1625
FORD, JOHN.....	1586-1640?
FORD, THOMAS .....	17th Century
GLAPTHORNE, HENRY .....	17th Century
GOFFE, THOMAS .....	1592-1627
GOMERSALL, ROBERT .....	1600-1646
GOULD, ROBERT .....	17th Century
GREENE, ROBERT .....	1560-1592
GREVILLE, FULKE, <i>Lord Brooke</i> .....	1554-1628

HABINGTON, WILLIAM.....	1605-1654
HARINGTON, JOHN .....	1534-1582
HERBERT, GEORGE.....	1593-1632
HERRICK, ROBERT .....	1591-1674
HEYWOOD, THOMAS .....	1580?-1649?
HOOD, THOMAS .....	1798-1845
HOOKES, N. .....	17th Century
HOWARD, SIR ROBERT.....	1622-1698
HUGHES, H. .....	17th Century
HUNT, LEIGH .....	1784-1859
 JONSON, BEN .....	1574-1637
 KEATS, JOHN .....	1795-1821
KILLIGREW, HENRY .....	1612-1688?
KINASTON, SIR FRANCIS.....	15—1642?
KING, HENRY, <i>Bishop of Chichester</i> .....	1591-1669
KINGSLEY, CHARLES .....	1819-
 LLUELLIN, MARTIN.....	17th Century
LODGE, THOMAS .....	1556-1625
LOVEKIN, PHILONAX .....	17th Century
LOVELACE, RICHARD.....	1618-1658
LYLY, JOHN .....	1554-1600
 MARKHAM, GERVASE.....	17th Century
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER .....	1562-1593
MARVELL, ANDREW .....	1620-1678
MASSINGER, PHILIP.....	1584-1640
MAY, THOMAS .....	1595-1650
MILTON, JOHN .....	1608-1674
MONTGOMERY, JAMES.....	1771-1854
MOORE, THOMAS .....	1779-1852
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM .....	1797-1835

NABbes, THOMAS .....	1612?-1645
NASH, THOMAS .....	1564?-1601?
PATMORE, COVENTRY .....	1823-
PEELE, GEORGE .....	1552?-1597?
PEMBROKE, WILLIAM HERBERT, <i>Earl of</i> .....	1580-1630
POPE, ALEXANDER.....	1688-1744
PRIOR, MATHEW... .....	1664-1721
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER ("Barry Cornwall")....	1787-
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER .....	1552-1618
RANDOLPH, THOMAS.....	1605-1634
ROCHESTER, JOHN WILMOT, <i>Earl of</i> .....	1647-1680
ROWLEY, SAMUEL .....	17th Century
SAMPSON, WILLIAM .....	17th Century
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.....	1771-1832
SEDELEY, SIR CHARLES .....	1639-1701
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.....	1564-1616
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE .....	1792-1822
SHERBURNE, SIR EDWARD.....	1618-1702
SHIRLEY, JAMES .....	1596-1666
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP .....	1554-1586
SPENCER, HON. WILLIAM ROBERT .....	1770-1834
STANLEY, THOMAS .....	1625?-1678
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN.....	1608-1641?
SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, <i>Earl of</i> .....	1517-1547
TAYLOR, HENRY .....	19th Century
TENNYSON, ALFRED .....	1810-
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE .....	1811-1863
THURLOW, EDWARD, <i>Lord</i> .....	19th Century
VAUGHAN, HENRY .....	1621-1695

WALLER, EDMUND .....	1605-1687
WALTON, IZAAK.....	1593-1683
WATSON, THOMAS .....	1560-1591
WEBSTER, JOHN.....	15—16—
WITHER, GEORGE.....	1588-1667
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM .....	1770-1850
WOTTON, SIR HENRY .....	1568-1639
WYATT, SIR THOMAS .....	1503-1542

ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS.

ALLISON'S HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSIC.

BATESON'S MADRIGALS.

BYRD'S SONGS.

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

DOWLAND'S BOOK OF SONGS.

FARMER'S ENGLISH MADRIGALS.

MORLEY'S MADRIGALS.

MUSICA TRANSALPINA.

MYSTERIES OF LOVE AND ELOQUENCE.

PILKINGTON'S MADRIGALS.

SICILY AND NAPLES: A TRAGEDY.

WARD'S MADRIGALS.

WHEELKES'S AIRS.

WHEELKES'S BALLADS.

WHEELKES'S MADRIGALS.

WILBYE'S MADRIGALS.

WIT'S RECREATIONS.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A cypress-bough, and a rose-wreath sweet .....	170
Adieu; farewell earth's bliss .....	19
All my past life is mine no more.....	148
All's over, then—does truth sound bitter .....	185
All the flowers of the Spring.....	68
And wilt thou leave me thus? .....	1
An idle Poet, here and there .....	194
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden flumbers? .....	38
As it fell upon a day.....	36
Ask me no more where Jove beflows .....	87
A steed! a steed of matchlesse speede!.....	176
As through the land at eve we went .....	192
Awake thee, my Lady-love! .....	174
Away with these self-loving lads.....	5
Bid me not go where neither sun nor showers.....	105
Blow, blow, thou winter wind .....	25
Bright shines the sun, play, beggars, play .....	49
Call for the robin redbreast and the wren .....	67
Celia is cruel; Sylvia, thou .....	149
Change me, O Heaven! into the ruby stone .....	35
Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry.....	111
Chloris, now thou art fled away .....	127
Choose the darkest part o'th' grove.....	150
Cold winter's ice is fled and gone .....	47
Come away, come away, death .....	28
Come buy, you lusty gallants .....	81
Come, Chloris, hie we to the bower .....	144
Come, follow, follow me.....	132
Come live with me, and be my love.....	17
Come not when I am dead .....	193

	PAGE
Come, Somnus, with thy potent charms .....	136
Come unto these yellow sands .....	30
Come, ye young men, come along .....	121
Come, you heavy states of night.....	43
Cupid all his arts did prove.....	134
Cupid and my Campaspe played.....	7
Cupid, I scorn to beg the art.....	146
 Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong .....	119
Dear life, while I do touch .....	73
Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly .....	41
Do not conceal thy radiant eyes.....	101
Do not fear to put thy feet .....	61
Down lay in a nook my lady's brach .....	177
Draw near, you lovers that complain .....	123
Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow .....	63
Drink to me only with thine eyes.....	56
Drop golden showers, gentle Sleep .....	82
 Earth now is green, and heaven is blue .....	39
 Fair daffodils, we weep to see .....	114
Fair Phillis I saw fitting all alone.....	40
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree.....	115
False friend, wilt thou smile, or weep .....	163
Farewell, my sweet, until I come .....	141
Feed her with the leaves of Love.....	179
From all uneasy passions free .....	149
Full fathom five thy father lies.....	29
 Gather ye rose-buds while ye may .....	116
Give Beauty all her right.....	48
Give place, ye lovers, here before .....	2
Glories, pleasures, pomps, delight, and ease.....	89
Golden bill! Golden bill!.....	178
Go, lovely Rose! .....	107
Good folk, for gold or hire .....	78
 Had Sorrow ever fitter place .....	77
Happy the man whose wish and care.....	151

	PAGE
Happy the e early days, when I .....	120
Hark, happy lovers, hark.....	73
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.....	29
Hark, how chimes the pailling-bell.....	108
Hark, now every thing is still.....	67
Have I found her? O rich finding !.....	65
Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell.....	155
Hence, all you vain delights .....	64
Hence Burgundy, Claret, and Port .....	162
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee .....	117
He's great that masters his own soul .....	125
He that loves a rosy cheek .....	86
Hold out, my heart, with joy's delights accloyed .....	51
Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin .....	189
How comes it, Sleep, that thou .....	74
How happy is he born and taught.....	69
How I laugh at their fond wish .....	82
 I dare not ask a kiss .....	119
I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair.....	53
I fear not henceforth death .....	72
I felt my heart, and found a flame .....	109
If thou wilt ease thy heart.....	169
If wine and music have the power.....	152
I in these flowery meads would be .....	125
I love thee, I love thee .....	180
I love to hear that men are bound .....	187
In dew of roses steeping .....	43
In pride of May .....	35
In the merry month of May.....	15
I saw fair Chloris walk alone .....	130
I saw my lady weep .....	45
It was not in the winter.....	172
 Jenny kissed me when we met.....	185
Kiss me, sweet; the wary lover.....	57
Ladies, flee from Love's sweet tale .....	79
Ladies, though to your conquering eyes.....	136

	PAGE
Lady and gentlemen fays, come buy !.....	172
Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting .....	33
Lady, your words do spite me .....	33
Like as from heaven the dew full softly showering .....	9
Little it interesteth me how.....	187
Love in my bosom like a bee .....	11
Love is a sickness full of woes .....	76
Love is the blossom where there blows.....	59
Love me not for comely grace .....	34
 May ! Queen of blossoms .....	166
Morpheus, the humble God, that dwells .....	103
My love in her attire doth show her wit.....	51
My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love.....	44
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.....	5
 Never more will I protest .....	71
Noblest bodies are but gilded clay .....	100
Not, Celia, that I juster am .....	143
 Often have I heard it said.....	188
Oh, no more, no more, too late.....	88
O mistress mine, where are you roaming ? .....	27
O my luve's like a red, red rose .....	154
On a day, (alack the day !).....	23
On a hill there grows a flower.....	16
One year ago my path was green .....	186
O Nightingale ! thou surely art.....	157
O say, dear life, when shall those twin-born berries .....	69
O Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell ? .....	90
O stay, sweet love, see here the place of sporting.....	40
O, that we two were Maying.....	100
Out upon it, I have loved .....	163
Over hill, over dale .....	23
 Pack clouds away, and welcome day .....	54
Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed .....	8
Passions are likened best to floods and streams.....	13
Phillis, men say that all my vows.....	142
Preserve thy fighs, unthrifty girl .....	139

	PAGE
Rarely, rarely, comest thou .....	164
Reach with your whiter hands to me.....	118
Rise, lady, m'lress, rise!.....	78
 Sabrina fair.....	93
see the chariot at hand here of Love.....	58
shall I, hopeless, then pursue .....	124
shall I tell you whom I love? .....	74
shall I, wasting in despair .....	65
She is not fair to outward view .....	177
She loves, and she confesses too .....	110
She walks in beauty, like the night .....	160
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more .....	26
Sing!—Who sings.....	182
Sitting by a river's side .....	21
Sleep, sleep, mine only jewel.....	9
Solitude, of friends the best .....	129
Spring it is cheery .....	171
Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King .....	21
Star that bringest home the bee .....	167
Stay, bold thoughts, refrain your will.....	80
Steer, hither steer, your winged pines.....	75
Still-born Silence, thou that art.....	130
Still to be neat, still to be drest .....	56
Strike again! O, no, no more .....	83
Sweet and low, sweet and low .....	192
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.....	85
sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'lt unseen .....	92
Sweetest love, I do not go .....	31
Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty flumbers.....	175
Sweet western wind, whose luck it is .....	118
 Take, oh! take those lips away.....	28, 6;
Tell me no more how fair she is.....	131
Tell me not of a face that's fair .....	137
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind .....	105
Tell me once, dear, how it does prove .....	135
Tell me where is fancy bred.....	24
Thais, my heart's no match for thine .....	193
That which her slender waist confined .....	106

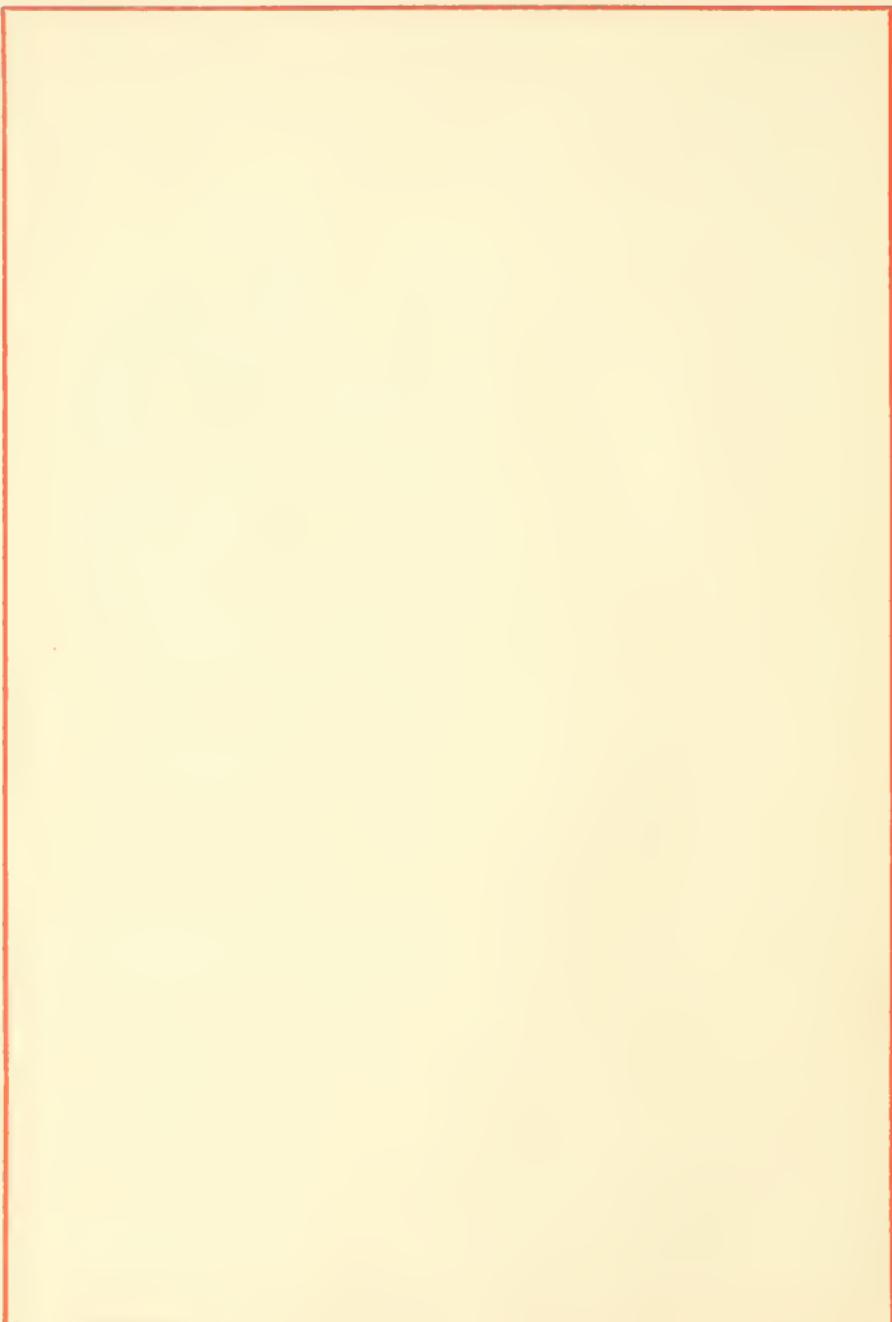
## PAGE

The fountains mingle with the river .....	163
The glories of our blood and state.....	108
The labouring man that plants and sows.....	146
The lark now leaves his watery nest.....	140
The Moth's kiss, first! .....	184
There is a garden in her face.....	52
There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy .....	34
There's not a look, a word of thine.....	156
The swallow leaves her nest .....	168
The world goes up, and the world goes down.....	191
The year's at the Spring .....	184
Think not of it, sweet one, so.....	161
Thy voice is heard through rolling drums .....	191
'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire.....	62
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb .....	153
Too late I stayed—forgive the crime.....	158
T'other day, as I was twining.....	186
To thy lover.....	98
Unclose those eyelids, and outshine.....	97
Under the greenwood tree .....	25
Upon a hill the bonny boy .....	55
Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay! .....	156
Vows are vain. No suppliant breath.....	91
Wasted, weary, wherefore stay .....	159
Waters above, eternal springs .....	121
Weave no more the marriage chain!	181
We care not for money, riches, or wealth .....	84
Weep no more, nor figh, nor groan .....	61
What bird so sings, yet so does wail?	7
What busines calls thee hence, and calls not me?	128
What is war, and all its joys?	154
What pleasure have great princes .....	10
What shall become of Man so wise .....	143
What thing is love? for sure love is a thing .....	17
What though with figures I should raise .....	97
Whence comes my love? O heart, disclose!	4
When Love with unconfined wings.....	103

When to her lute Corinna sings.....	47
When will the fountain of my tears be dry?.....	50
Where the bee sucks, there suck I.....	30
While Morpheus thus does gently lay .....	94
Whither so fast? Ah, see the kindly flowers .....	54
Why are you, ladies, staying .....	46
Why art thou flow, thou rest of trouble, Death.....	85
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears.....	113
Why should we murmur, why repine .....	145
Why so pale and wan, fond lover? .....	95
With fragrant flowers we strew the way .....	42
Within this bottle's to be seen.....	138
 Ye, blushing virgins, happy are .....	90
Ye have been fresh and green .....	112
Ye living lamps, by whose dear light.....	147
You'll love me yet! and I can tarry .....	183
You meaner beauties of the night.....	70
Young men will love thee more fair and more fast.....	159
You that think love can convey.....	88

*THE END.*











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